

A D V E N T U R E S  
O F  
JONATHAN CORNCOB,  
LOYAL AMERICAN REFUGEE. R.

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WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

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DULCE EST DESIPERE IN LOCO.

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L O N D O N:  
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR;  
AND SOLD BY G. G. J. AND G. ROBINSON,  
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A. D. V. E. N. T. U. R. E. S.

OF

JONATHAN CORNCOB

LOCAL AMERICAN METHODIST



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A D V E N T U R E S  
O F  
JONATHAN CORNCOB.

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C H A P. I.

**T**HE morning was cold, gloomy,  
and foggy ; in short it was one  
of those mornings so common in the  
happy island of Great Britain : the  
teeth of my lower jaw were in dispute  
with those above, my feet were frozen,  
and my nose was blue ; all the horses  
on the western road had taken cold,  
were much troubled with a running at  
the nose, and incapable of going their

B

usual

usual pace, so that the diligence merited its name less than ever. "Sir," said an elderly gentleman in the other corner of the carriage, "I beg your pardon for the question I am going to ask, but pray what may your age be?"—"Four and twenty," answered I—"I did not think you older," replied the gentleman, "and was surprised to see you already bald. As I flatter myself that I am something of a physiognomist, I am convinced that the few years you have existed, have been marked by some extraordinary incidents, that have caused so early a loss of your toupet." "Your penetration, Sir," said I, "has not deceived you: I lost part of my hair in a sickness at New York; part was taken from me by the sea scurvy in the West Indies; I was deprived

“ of part of what remained by a  
“ fright”—“ By a fright ?” said the  
gentleman, interrupting me—“ Yes,  
Sir,” said I, “ I waked in a fright, and  
“ my hair stood an end so obstinately  
“ afterwards, that I lost a great deal in  
“ reducing it to its former situation.  
“ The remaining part was blown away  
“ in a hurricane at Barbadoes.” “ Upon  
“ my word,” said the gentleman, “ this  
“ is a little extraordinary, and I am  
“ inclined to believe that your history  
“ must be highly amusing. If it is  
“ not taking too great a liberty, allow  
“ me to request a recital of it. We  
“ are still at a great distance from  
“ Salisbury; the horses have the glan-  
“ ders, and get on but slowly; the  
“ face of the country is dreary; and a  
“ narrative of your adventures will  
“ divert our attention from the cold.”—



“ I would comply with your request,” answered I, “ but really I have no talents for story-telling.” “ You are too modest,” replied my gentleman, “ I am sure you tell a story admirably, for I have not, since the death of my friend Sterne, seen a quainter phiz.”—“ You are very obliging,” said I, “ and put it out of my power to refuse you any thing.”—I told my story: the gentleman laughed; said it was *strange*, *'twas passing strange*; *'twas pitiful*, *'twas wondrous pitiful*. “ Were I you,” said he, “ I would write my history.” At this time, I had money in my purse, and had little inclination for any kind of writing, except the fabrication of a few false signatures, that were necessary to enable me, as purser, to settle my accounts with the Navy Board. But  
now,



now, banished from England by virtue of a writ taken out against me by a hard-hearted taylor ; living on half the pay of a purser in ordinary, being obliged to give the other half to a reduced midshipman who does the duty as my deputy ; under the necessity of passing my time in a garret in French Flanders, my nankeen breeches being worn out in the seat ; dunned by the baker for bread to the amount of forty-four livres, and by the *traiteur* for a *fricandeau* of thirty sous, with which I indulged myself on Easter Sunday ; I shall at least amuse myself by taking my fellow traveller's advice. I do not know whether I shall amuse any body else : my quaint phiz will be wanting, and in that perhaps lay the principal merit of my tale—However as histories of

prime ministers and pickpockets are often well received by the public, it is a strong presumption that the memoirs of a purser may succeed. It is besides out of my power to re-visit England, for the purpose of representing my claims to the commissioners for the relief of distressed loyalists ; but as my adventures may fall into their hands, they may perhaps attend to my many losses, independent of that of my toupet, which is of more consequence than may be imagined. I paid my addresses to a little girl with a fortune of four thousand pounds. Every thing was agreed on : I had the mother's consent ; I thought I had touched the daughter's heart, and pleased myself with the hope of soon touching her money, when my little inamorata, mounting one day on a chair,

chair, to give a lump of sugar to her canary bird, discovered the bareness of my scalp, took the first opportunity to quarrel with me, called me bald-pate, and shewed me the door.



## C H A P. II.

*A short account of Jonathan's birth, parentage and education, and of the ill consequences of an American amusement called Bundling.*

SOME great men have been suckled in a wood, as was the immortal founder of Rome, and others in a stable; but as I was neither destined for the founder of an empire, nor of a religion, I opened my eyes on this wicked world in as snug a farm-house as any in Massachuffet's Bay. My honoured mother, Mrs. Charity Corn-cob, was an excellent woman: she bred like a rabbit; scolded all day like a cat in love; and snored all night as loud as the foreman of a jury on a tedious trial. During her pregnancy, she dreamed that she was brought to  
bed



bed of a screech owl, and went to consult an old woman in the neighbourhood who passed for a witch. The old woman assured her that her dream was an unlucky prognostic, and told her that if I was not cut-off in my youth, I should certainly die at a more advanced age, either by some unforeseen accident, or of some violent disease. My poor mother burst into tears, and asked her if there was no way of averting so cruel a destiny. The old woman answered in the negative, and Mrs. Corncob returned home much distressed at what she had heard. No sooner was I born than I began to cry, and this circumstance tended not a little to fortify my mother's faith in the prediction of the ancient sybil. Poor dear boy, said Mrs. Corncob, sighing, oh! that ever I should be

oldw                      B 5                      doomed

doomed to be the mother of so unlucky a child. However, one comfort is, that he cannot be drowned while he carries about him the caul that covered his face when he was born.— But when I was a year and a half old, and she saw me frequently fall and pull the chairs upon my back, she had no longer any doubt of the fatal prophecy. Wretched as she was made by these gloomy omens, she did not communicate her fears to my honoured father, Mr. Habakkuk Corncob, as she was apprehensive of hurting his health, already in a weakly state, for he had been troubled with the green sickness ever since a disappointment in love, he met with at the age of two and twenty.

Mr. Habakkuk Corncob was a rigid presbyterian; he considered any man  
who

who played at cards as irrevocably d—n'd, as well as any one who walked out on a Sunday. He employed every part of that day, that was not spent at the meeting-house, in reading the book of Leviticus, for the instruction of his family, and thought himself peculiarly indulgent, when, by way of amusement, he favoured us with the history of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, or a few pages of the Pilgrim's Progress. These were the only two books he considered as worthy his attention, except indeed that kind of almanack in which the different parts of the body are placed opposite the days of the month. This almanack was his oracle, and directed all his operations: he never cut his nails, but on the day marked hands, so that by the time the month came



round, his claws were as long as those of a mandarin. The only day on which he profited by the privileges of a husband, was that indicated by secrets, and this perhaps was the reason why my mother, Mrs. Charity Corncob, poor woman, sometimes advised him to take an almanack of another kind.

Though my father's state of health was infirm, it was much superior to that of my aunt, Lord have mercy on her soul ! She had been thirty years troubled with an asthma, which unluckily turned to a consumption, just when she had hopes of getting rid of it. Whether it was owing to her ill health, or natural disposition, I know not, but she was a plague to every body in the house, from Mr. Habakkuk my father, to our black cur dog.

One



One day, after quarrelling with my father and mother, and boxing the ears of every child in the house, finding herself left without any person to scold, she jumped up, and kicked the cat round the room. The cat escaped out of the window, and my poor aunt was obliged to take up the poker, and poke the fire out. She might perhaps have lived somewhat longer, if she had not fallen into a dispute with my father about her age. My father asserted strenuously that she was fifty-two years old; my aunt said she was only forty-eight—"Fifty-two," said my father—"Forty-eight," said my aunt—"Fifty-two," said my father again. At length my aunt finding herself out of breath, mustered up all her strength, with a determination of having the *last word*, called out forty-eight,

eight, and expired. At this time I was only seven years old, and when I heard the news, I came jumping and laughing into the room, "Old Bathsheba is dead," said I, *ha! ha! ha!* My mother, who was making a violent lamentation, ran up to me, and, letting down my breeches, laid me across her knee, and flogged me till I joined my tears to those of the rest of the family; though I did not very well understand why I was obliged to cry at the death of a person, whom every body in the house had wished dead a thousand times a day.—All the neighbours crowded to our house to condole with us, and as they unanimously said my aunt was in heaven, the whole family was soon consoled, and the next day we were all as merry as ever.

Providence

Providence had certainly ordained that my aunt Bathsheba should be as great a plague to us when dead as she was when living. A few days after she was buried my father took his gun down from the hooks over the chimney, with the intention of shooting a few squirrels for our supper. About half an hour after he rushed pale and breathless into the room, threw himself into a chair, and called for a glass of New-England rum. My mother, and the rest of us, alarmed at his situation, asked all together what was the matter. As soon as he recovered a little from his fright, he told us, that he had seen the spirit of Bathsheba: my mother started; my four brothers, my two sisters and myself, all opened our mouths. "Yes," continued he, "I  
" have



“ have seen the spirit of Bathsheba ;  
“ I am sure of it : I was scarcely in  
“ the wood before I met with a large  
“ black wild turkey ; I immediately  
“ cocked my gun, put it to my  
“ shoulder, and was going to *blaze*  
“ *away*, when the turkey called out  
“ *forty-eight*, as plain as it could speak,  
“ and ran off towards the church-  
“ yard : I swear it could be nobody  
“ but Bathsheba, for it had just her  
“ waddling way of walking.” My  
father and mother were so afraid of  
a visit from the wild turkey, that for  
a long time after they kept a light all  
night in their bed-room, which, as  
far as it related to the bed-room, had  
the desired effect ; but did not pre-  
vent my mother from seeing Bath-  
sheba in the dairy. Mrs. Corncob  
was found there in a swoon by my  
eldest



eldest sister, and as soon as she recovered her speech, told us that she had seen Bathsheba, in the shape of a black cat, stealing cream. "What made me sure of it," said my mother, "was her having only one eye like my poor dear cousin, and her coming to the dairy exactly at the time Bathsheba used to drink her bowl of milk in the afternoon."

In a short time there was not one of us that had not seen our aunt in the shape of something black, and we no longer dared to go to bed till we had visited every room in the house, and made a very scrupulous search after my aunt Bathsheba.

My father, who had never learned to write, often regretted that he was not scholar enough to lay Bathsheba's ghost,

ghost, and determined that my education should not be neglected, especially as he destined me to superintend his shop, or as it is called in New-England, his *store*, for he was not only farmer, but merchant, and sold butter, cheese, spike-nails, rye meal, shuttlecocks, New-England rum, hartshorn shavings, broad cloth, gunpowder, and yellow basilicon. Besides the inferior parts of education, such as reading, writing, and arithmetick, I studied latin, and at the end of seven years made very tolerable nonsense verses. I was considered, in Massachusset's Bay, as a prodigy of learning, and was not less distinguished for my address in all the fashionable exercises and amusements of that country. I excelled in walking in snow shoes, driving a sled,

fled, shooting squirrels, and bobbing for eels; but of all my amusements none had such charms for me as *bundling*.

I had already bundled with half the girls in the neighbourhood, when my evil genius led me to pay a visit to Miss Desire Slawbunk, one evening when her father and mother were gone out. Miss Slawbunk was an American beauty; her complexion was a little dusky, her features regular, and she had a certain languor in her look that was not unpleasing. Unfortunately she preferred melasses to all other sauces: whether she eat pickled pork or kidney beans she never failed to call for melasses, and owing to this immoderate use of it, had lost six of her front teeth above,  
and



and fix below.—“ I swear now, Miss  
“ Defire,” said I, “ I am come to *tarry*  
“ a little with you.”—“ I guess you  
“ *be* very welcome, Mr. Jonathan.”—  
“ It is *considerable* of a cold night.”—  
“ Yes,” answered Defire, “ *some cold.*”

This remark of the coldness of the weather made the lady observe, that her fire was by no means brilliant. After in vain arranging the green wood, she stooped down before the fire in a sitting posture, and began puffing with her apron—It would not do, and Miss Slawbunk, wishing to produce more wind, had recourse to her petticoats. The inexorable logs still refused to burn. Miss Slawbunk grew angry, and the undulations of her petticoats grew proportionably wider and more violent. It was then that, sitting in the chimney  
corner,

corner, my discoveries became every moment more interesting; every faint gleam of the languid fire presenting to my eyes a soft assemblage of light and shade, that vied with all the snow and forests of the continent. Without improving the fire, she had produced an equal effect: her exertions had warmed herself, and what I had seen had changed my aguish shivering to a high fever. Though I had not come with any such intention, I could not help proposing to bundle. Miss Slawbunk consented, smiling very kindly, but, as you will suppose, without shewing her teeth.

We undressed according to the rules of bundling, scrupulously reserving the breeches and under petticoat. Soon after we were in bed,  
my

my hand happening to touch Desire, she started from me. "Miss Slawbunk," said I, "it seems to me that you be *considerable* ticklish." Miss Slawbunk denied it.—To prove my assertion, I began to tickle her under the fifth rib; she tickled me in her turn, and by degrees we carried the pleasantry so far, that without being aware of the consequences, we exceeded all the bounds of bundling. Heaven only can tell what became of the petticoat during the night, but in the morning we found it kicked out of the foot of the bed. A few months after it grew too short for Miss Slawbunk; a committee was assembled, and I was sentenced, for this breach of the laws of bundling, to marry the lady, or pay a fine of 50*l.* currency.

Not



Not being inclined to comply with the first proposal, and being unable to pay the fine, I sold to some British officers, prisoners on parole in the neighbourhood, a quantity of my father's New-England spirits, and exchanged with them all the brown paper-money of the congress I could collect, for twenty hard dollars, which, as they were a rarity in that country, I secured in the waistband of my breeches, and with this small fortune determined to set off for New-York, then in the possession of the British troops.

C H A P.

## C H A P. III.

*Jonathan loses himself in a wood, and is almost starved, when Providence furnishes him a steed and hot dinner. Arrives at Boston. A true technical description of a sea-fight.*

I Set off before the dawn of day, and took my road along the by-paths and through the woods, dreading the sight of any body I knew as much as a half-pay officer does that of a creditor. This precaution had nearly been fatal to me, for after two days

days march I found myself in a forest that seemed to have no end: I wandered about two whole days, trying to find something eatable, but nothing could I see, except blue-tailed jays, that, chattering and hopping from branch to branch, seemed to make game of me. I was just bestowing a million of maledictions on Miss Slawbunk's under-petticoat, when, between two large trees that formed a small opening, I observed the track of deer, and soon after saw several pass along full gallop. I climbed four or five feet up one of the trees, and presently a long string of moose deer, as tall as *dray horses*, came thundering by me. I wounded several with my knife as they passed, and, hoping some of them might fall, jumped off to follow them, when

C

one



one that was behind turning short round the tree, I found myself astride on his back. My steed, who doubtless had the best wind of any moose deer in America, kept going all night like a devil, and made such abominable bounds, that, though I am a pretty good horseman, I must confess I have passed my time more agreeably. An hour after day-break I reached the out-skirts of the wood, and having no longer occasion for my moose deer as a saddle-horse, and hunger pressing me, I began to butcher him, giving him stab after stab about the neck and head: he kicked and plunged so furiously that I lost a stirrup, and was nearly dismounted; however, I held myself on by his ears, and at last down he came like a bullock. I cut off a rump steak, and after saying a short grace,

grace, devoured it hot, and found it excellent.

The place where I alighted so hastily was not far from the road to Boston, to which town I determined to proceed, for the purpose of recruiting my health, that had suffered a great deal from long fasting and fatigue. On my arrival I found a great crowd assembled in the street: curious to know the occasion of it, I thrust my nose into the midst of the populace, and saw a naked man lying on the pavement, while several others poured hot tar upon him. Soon after a large quantity of feathers was brought, in which he was rolled, and after the application of some long quills to his tail, this non-descript animal was suffered to rise.

I inquired what was the reason of this punishment, and was told that it was inflicted in consequence of the culprit's having fished in Boston harbour with a drag net, and caught a chest of tea. The tea had been thrown over-board from an English ship, by the pious Bostonians some years before, but as the double cover of wood and lead had preserved it from injury, the offender had sold it to his neighbours, contrary to law. He asserted in his defence, that he had not exacted the duty of three-pence per pound, but this excuse would not do, as it was six weeks since the Bostonians had tarred and feathered any body.

Accompanied by the hooting populace he was driven out of the town,

I

at



at the entrance of which, conducted by his ill-fortune, was a Micmac Indian, who was come eleven hundred miles on foot to sell a beaver's and two raccoons skins: he no sooner saw our monster close to his nose, than staring with astonishment, he gave a howl like a flogged pointer, went to the right about, ran off like the wind, and, for any thing I know to the contrary, is running still.

Before I recovered my health, my small stock of money was nearly exhausted, and my scheme of proceeding to New-York became for the present impracticable; I therefore entered as clerk in a privateer, that was on the point of sailing. After having been three days at sea, we fell in with an English vessel of nearly our own force,

Cape Cod bearing W. N. W.  $\frac{3}{16}$  W. distant 25 leagues and a half. We kept our luff in hopes of gaining the wind, but not being able to fetch into the enemy's wake, we were obliged to pass under his lee, at three-fifths of a cable's length distance, and began the action at half past two P.M. We then shot ahead, and throwing the ship up in the wind across the enemy's forefoot, we raked him fore and aft with considerable success, but as his bow pointed for our chesttree we were afraid of his running us aboard, and laid our head-sails aback, when the ship paid round off, and we engaged him, the main and fore course to the mast, for more than three glasses. At four P. M. our captain turning round to me, had only time to say, "I *snort* now, brother Jonathan, they  
" *blaaze*

"*blaaze away like daavils;*" when a cannon-ball broke his head, to my great astonishment. At this moment I believe we should have struck, if the English ship had not had a drum and fife upon deck playing yankee doodle: our indignation at the insult kept up our courage, and we continued the action till five P.M. when the enemy hauled his wind: we should have pursued him, but unfortunately our mizzen-top-gallant stay-fail bow-line, and smoke-fail haleyards were shot away, which it was necessary to knot and splice before we could renew the action. Our killed and wounded amounted to seven, including the captain in the number of the former, and among the latter our mizzen mast.



Some of my readers may perhaps complain that I have been too prodigal of seamen's terms in my relation of the action; but I appeal to those masterpieces in this way, the letters of Admirals A. B. &c. in spite of ill-natured people, who assert they had an interest in making them unintelligible.

After our rigging was repaired, we proceeded on our cruise, chasing several vessels without success, till on the banks of Newfoundland we met with a Dutchman, bound from Curassoa to Amsterdam. Our lieutenant, who commanded, had been, before the war, a cod fisherman in these latitudes, and as he had never been accustomed to return to port without catching something, he hit upon the expedient of hoisting English colours, and plundering  
ing

ing the Hollander. We took about half his cargo, leaving him to make his complaint to the British minister, of this violation of the laws of nations, and returned to port, the stratagem of our lieutenant being universally applauded by his countrymen.

## C H A P. IV.

*Jonathan is put in prison at Boston;  
makes his escape on board an English  
ship, where he has a sample of the  
discipline of the royal navy.*

A Day or two after I went to a shop to purchase some trifling things for which I had occasion, and found there an old gentlemen, who was buying a skain of thread. When he had received his purchase, he took out of his pocket a leathern bag drawn  
up



up in the form of a purse, opened it, drew out of it a black pocket-book, untied half a dozen knots, undid as many turns of green binding, opened the pocket-book with great caution and deliberation, and at length produced a bill of the congress for six-pence. The money of the congress had at this time lost three-fourths of its original value. He received in change a three-penny bill, and put it into his pocket-book, which he tied up with as much ceremony as he had opened it. While he was employed in this operation he observed me take out of my pocket some twenty and thirty-dollar bills, which I had received as my share of the plunder of the Dutchman, and which were rumpled up as if they had been waste-paper.—“ I swear

“ now,” said the old gentleman, “ but  
“ you seem to make very light of  
“ that money.” “ Why indeed,”  
answered I, tossing the bills up in  
the air, and catching them again in  
my hand, “ it must be confessed  
“ that this money is not very heavy.”  
“ I guess now,” replied the old gentleman, “ that you be a tory rogue,  
“ and it is such villains as you that  
“ depreciate the money of the state.”  
He then left the shop, to all appearance in a great passion. I was not a little surprised, on leaving it soon after in my turn, to find myself taken into custody by six militia-men, with ragged coats and rusty muskets, who carried me before the committee of safety. My old friend, a taylor by trade and one of the committee, accused me of high treason, asserting, that

that I made a jest of the resources of the state. I alledged in my defence my love for my country, and my services in the action with the English ship: their honours, the committee, were deaf to my reasoning, and ordered me to be taken to gaol.

After I had been there about two months, I heard that the Americans had been defeated by the King's troops, that the Bostonians were much out of spirits, and that to divert their attention from their misfortunes, as well as by way of revenge, they had determined to tar and feather me, together with a number of other state prisoners, on the following Thursday. This news induced us to endeavour to make



make our escape : we began by removing a large stone, and found the earth underneath very favourable for working a subterraneous passage, at which one half of us was employed, while the other half sung and danced, that the noise of the working party might not be overheard. A passage was soon mined into the street, and we made a precipitate retreat through the town of Boston, on Wednesday night. At Hancock's wharf we fortunately found a very small schooner ready for sea, into which we jumped, hoisted the sails, and were under way in a moment. At the break of day we joined a British ship cruising in Boston bay, and were taken aboard it without difficulty. The captain was what is called in the navy a d—d smart officer : when any thing went wrong

wrong at the mast-head, he called out to the sailors, Aloft, oh! you lubbers; but left them to find out themselves the cause of their embarrassment. When in working the ship all had been declared ready on the fore-castle, and a rope afterwards proved foul, he told the lieutenant stationed there, through a speaking trumpet, that he lied; and when in windy weather the men in the main-top could not hear him, he flogged them all round. Happening one day to observe a thick smoke issue from under the door of the boatswain's store-room, I ran upon deck, and addressing myself to the captain, "Sir", said I, "the boatswain's"—"You "d—d rascal," said the captain, pushing me over to the other side of the deck, "speak to the officer of  
" the

“the watch.” I took my hat off to the lieutenant, “Your honour, the boatswain’s store”—The lieutenant gave me a kick in the backside, and said, if it was about stores I must go to the master. I went to the master, and said, “Sir, the boatswain’s “store-room”—The master, who was calculating the ship’s course, only d—d me, and sent me to his mate: luckily the mate heard me out, but, as I imagined the report would be made to the captain by the same gradations, and that his orders would descend by the same degrees, I concluded that his Majesty’s good ship would be burned to the water’s edge before the first bucket could be filled.—No such thing.—The mate no sooner heard that there was a fire in the boatswain’s store-room, than  
he



he began to give orders himself; the captain and officers did the same; the sailors imitated their example; every body commanded, nobody obeyed, and we were in a fair way to be roasted, to the great satisfaction of the pious Bostonians, if the master, a man of a cool head, had not placed a row of sentinels along the deck, to keep a passage open for the water, which soon overcame its rival element.

A few days after the wind increased by degrees to a heavy gale, and all hands were ordered up to furl the top-sails. Two other Americans and myself, who had never been aloft, pleaded our inability to the lieutenant; he, by way of answer, sent for a boatswain's mate.—“Bear a hand,” said he,

he, "and lather these three fellows  
"till they go aloft." My two coun-  
trymen, after a few lashes, went up  
the shrouds; but as the ship rolled  
exceedingly, and as the wind was so  
high, that it was impossible for any  
thing but a monkey or a sailor to  
hold by the rigging, the poor fellows  
were blown overboard, and we lost  
sight of them in a moment. Nobody  
seemed to take much notice of their  
loss, except the lieutenant, who ob-  
served, that they sung out lustily for  
assistance. As I had obstinately re-  
fused to go aloft, I was tied up, and  
by the captain's order received a dozen  
lashes. I then supposed all was over,  
as I had heard that it was forbid to  
give more for a single fault; but the  
commander ordered me a second do-  
zen for disobedience of orders, a third  
for

for neglect of duty, and a fourth for disrespect. He assured me that he would have given me twice as much, but that he had the goodness to consider me as young in the service. I thanked him for his lenity, but could not help complaining of the hardness of the alternative, which left no medium between being blown overboard, and having my back torn to pieces with nine lengths of knotted cord. An old sailor who was standing by me laughed, and told me it was a little sample of the discipline of the navy, and that when I had been flogged half a dozen times with the thief's cat, I should think nothing of such a tickling.

CHAP.



## C H A P. V.

*Jonathan takes lodgings at New-York.  
His amours with his landlady's niece,  
and the bad consequences that follow.*

AS soon as I was landed at New-York, I associated myself with a party of loyalists, who having been driven from their estates, plundered with great propriety all those in the vicinity: their incursions were frequent in the Jerseys and Connecticut, and they seldom returned without bringing with

with them some few head of cattle prisoners. My employment among them consisted in keeping an account of the sale of the booty, as well as of the distribution of its produce, and I was scarcely ever engaged in any of their expeditions.

I lodged at New-York, at the house of an old gentlewoman, who being reduced in her circumstances, was obliged to keep a chandler's-shop. As her father had been a presbyterian parson, she had received a suitable education, and was a woman of considerable reading: peculiarly well versed in the Old Testament, she was acquainted with all its personages, from Abishag the Shunamite, who lay with old David to keep his feet warm, to Bildad the Shuhite, who  
was

was a greater plague to Job than all his misfortunes. As I was always of a pious turn, I was exceedingly fond of her conversation, only I thought she made somewhat too free with respectable characters. She said Lot was a nasty old dog. King David stood pretty high in her good graces; she approved very much the abhorrence he showed of adultery, by the speedy means he used to divorce Bathsheba from her husband. She did not scruple to say that Solomon was *stark naught*: a man who was not satisfied with three hundred wives, all princesses too, but kept seven hundred mistresses, could have no conscience. When she was in a calculating humour, she lamented exceedingly the joyless life these ladies must have led, even supposing



posing Solomon equal to a Turk and an Irishman together.

Her personal qualities were by no means answerable to her mental accomplishments. One eye pointed one way, the other another, and her nose a third. One corner of her mouth reached her temple, while the other end was behind her ear. It seemed as if her features were frightened at each other, and wished severally to make their escape. Her teeth had already done so, except two exactly in the center of that diagonal opening she called her mouth, and they, in shape and in colour, very nearly resembled a kitchen poker. She had a niece who lived with her, of the same religious turn as herself; but whose face had not any resemblance of her aunt's.

She

She had a pretty little set of features perfectly charming. A little mouth that tempted you to be impertinent, and a little nose that opposed no obstacle to the completion of your desires. At the same time she looked as modest as a Lucrece, and had that kind of listless languor in her countenance, which I had remarked in my dear Desire Slawbunk's. However, Dinah Donewell, my landlady's niece, had not, like her, lost her teeth, as I experienced to my cost. Dinah, poor girl, was troubled with hysteric fits, and was attacked by them one evening when we were sitting together. I had recourse to the first remedy used by all young men on similar occasions. To give her room, I took her handkerchief from her neck, and loosened her stays. Heavens! what charms dazzled

dazzled my eyes. The ecstasies of Columbus when he saw the land were not equal to my admiration of what I discovered. There, duly separated, lay two snowy twins, so firm, so elastic, so rebellious, that when touched they returned the blow. I thought the milky way between led on to heaven, unlike the madman Lear, who exclaimed

“Down to the waist they’re angels; but devils  
“all below:

“There, there’s the sulphurous pit.”——

The fair one’s fits redoubled, and I recovered from my trance. I roared out to her, “Dinah! Dinah! my  
“dear Dinah!” I shook her; I sprinkled her face; I flapped the palms of her hands; I patted her back; I rub-

D

bed



bed her temples ; I tickled her nostrils ; I pulled her ears ; I opened her fingers ; I pricked her under the nails ; I almost suffocated her with burnt rags, feathers, and *eau de luce*. In short, I used all the customary gentle, well-imagined means to correct this disorder of the animal spirits, in vain : the lady, as is usual, grew ten times worse, and while I held her hands, bit my arm so heartily that she made her teeth meet. Although I did not know but a dose of human flesh might be a specific in this malady, I did not fail, according to the expression of the sea-lieutenant, to *sing* out lustily. My cries brought Mrs. Donewell to my assistance, who called me noodle, and desired me to leave the cure to her. Wetting a napkin in cold water, she knelt down before her  
6 niece,

niece, and introducing it between her feet, applied it the *Lord knows where*, for I lost sight of her arm. Let the ladies divine, and when their female friends have hysterics, let them profit by the hint; for the remedy operated like a charm, and the young lady's fits ended as fits of young ladies frequently do: she sighed, cried, and grew calm.

From the frequent praises Mrs. Donewell bestowed on her niece, and some hints she gave me, I fancied that she wished me to make honourable addresses to Miss Dinah, whom I judged from her appearance to be a pattern of virtue and modesty, and I began to have myself serious intentions of that kind. One luckless day I walked into the fields with my young

D 2

landlady,

landlady, and as the weather was extremely warm, we sat down to rest ourselves in a little wood. My Dinah looked that day more modest, more lovely, and more tempting than ever; infomuch, that wishing to anticipate the smaller chaste pleasures of Hymen, I snatched a kiss or two. Dinah at first called out get *aloong*, let me *alo-one*; but soon after she sunk down softly on the grass. If she was in a fit, it was of a much gentler kind than her hysterics, and though I began as before by giving her room to breathe, my remedies consequently were of a milder nature. With her eyes half closed, she seemed neither asleep nor awake, but in a state between both. I spoke to her, and she did not answer me.—I kissed her, and it seemed only to increase her languor.—I pushed my  
attentions



attentions further with as little effect, and, as I am naturally an absent man, I forgot it was the chaste Dinah ; I forgot it was my future spouse, and treated her as if she had already a right to that title. In the midst of my caresses, she shewed some symptoms of biting, and I feared her hysterics were returning ; but on the contrary, in a few moments after she fell into the same sleepy languor as before. Conscious of my fault, I judged that this calm would be succeeded by a storm, the whole weight of which would fall upon my guilty head. However, as she began to recover her spirits, she pressed my hand with considerable fervency, and at last lifting up her head and giving me a kiss, she exclaimed, “ *behold thou art fair, my beloved, yea thou art pleasant ; also our*

*"bed is green."* I found this ejaculation so happily applied, that I could not help lamenting that we had only seven or eight songs remaining of the thousand and five written by King Solomon.

Surprised as I was at her good humour on the occasion, my surprise was still greater three or four days after, when I made the painful discovery of symptoms of a certain disorder, which were by no means equivocal. I flew in a rage to old Mrs. Donewell to acquaint her with her niece's infamy and my misfortune, and supposed that her anger on the occasion would equal mine. She heard me out with the greatest coolness, and answered that, in spite of all I could say, she believed her niece was as modest a girl

girl as any in New York. "Besides," said she, "if it is true that Dinah has the complaint you mention, it is not her fault, poor thing, somebody has given it to her, and I have no doubt but it is one of those British officers who, according to the words of Ezekiel, are *captains and rulers, clothed most gorgeously, horsemen riding upon horses, and all of them desirable young men—whose flesh is as the flesh of asses, and their issue as the issue of horses.*"



## C H A P. VI.

*Jonathan has the good fortune to escape with life from a most desperate action, and the hands of two surgeons.*

AS Mrs. Donewell and Ezekiel together were an over-match for poor Jonathan Corncob, I replied by going to a surgeon : his name was Bullock, he superintended the naval hospital at Brooklyn, and was rather a more absent man than myself. Upon his first coming into the room, he always addressed me with “ how ar’e ? ”  
After

After I had detailed all my symptoms, during which time he generally talked of the wind, and our military operations ; he repeated “ how ar’e ? ” I began a second time the sad enumeration, and he a list of his patients, and an account of the multiplicity of his business, which he concluded with “ how ar’e ? ” At length, after assuring me for a long half hour that he was in the greatest hurry possible, he recollected himself, took leave by saying “ how ar’e ? ” and disappeared. The consequence was, that he treated me the first month as if my disorder had been a putrid fever, and the second as if it had been a bloody flux, giving me cordials instead of refrigerants, and astringents when purgatives were necessary ; so that in a short time I had almost all the symptoms of the

present Columbus made to Europe: such as gonorrhœa, phymosis, paraphymosis, bubo, fistula in ano, carnosities in uretere, nodi, tophi, gummata, corona veneris, caries ossium, &c. I thought it high time to change my surgeon, and had the good fortune to recover tolerable health, after a long course of frictions, injections, fumigations, scarifications, purgations, salivations, and the like. However, when the cure was completed, I found that I might, in a synagogue or mosque, pass for a Jew or a Turk, but for some cross scores, left by the incision knife, which testified that I was a Christian.

While we were under cure, for Dinah, as well as myself, was in the surgeon's hands, the good old Mrs. Donewell



Donewell did every thing in her power to pass away the long evenings : sometimes we played at a kind of religious conundrums ; as for instance, my old landlady asked “ what is a deep ditch, “ and what is a narrow pit ? ” Dinah answered instantly, “ a whore is a deep “ ditch, and a strange woman is a nar- “ row pit.” Mrs. Donewell then asked me “ what was the candle of the Lord, “ searching the inward parts of the “ belly ? ” I blushed at the question, and though I thought it not difficult to divine, was silent. Nobody could answer, till it came to the turn of my dear Dinah, who said “ it was the “ spirit of a man.” Upon turning to the 20th and 23d chapters of the Proverbs, we found that she had adhered closely to the text.

D 6

But

But as these amusements sometimes grew tiresome, I passed some of the evenings, during my convalescence, at Hull's Tavern. I found there, one day, a personage who, though within the British lines, was strongly suspected of favouring the insurgents. He had assumed the post of orator of the coffee-room, and was speaking with great volubility of the King's speech, which had just arrived. "I remember," said he, "when a boy, being  
"at a puppet-show, where Punch  
"was as usual very angry with his  
"wife Joan. He abused her, doubled  
"his fist, and frequently lifting up  
"his leg, menaced her with sounds  
"that resembled the deep notes of a  
"wind instrument. However, Punch's  
"trumpeting did not so exactly imitate  
"nature, but that the difference was  
"perceptible,

“perceptible, till in one of his exertions, the sound we heard was so much more mellow, deep-toned, and energetic, that the evidence of our noses corresponding with the information of our ears, a sailor who was present, called out, b—st me, but that’s too deep for Punch. So, gentlemen, you may, if you please, call it the King’s speech, but I say it is too deep for Punch.”

I was in one of my absent moments, and instead of drinking the rum and water that was before me, I threw pint tumbler and all full in his face. He, with great presence of mind, seized a bottle, and threw it at my head: but, as I had been in a sea action, I bobbed, and the shot passed over me. I ran to the fire, and snatching



ing a red-hot poker, made a furious lunge at him in *carte*. He parried it with his arm, by the counter of *tierce*, though not well enough to prevent my running him through the wig, which remained suspended and blazing upon my fiery weapon. He ran in his turn to the fire, and armed himself with a boiler full of scalding water, but as I did not give him time to take off the lid, he was obliged to jerk the water at me through the spout. However he squirted it in my face and breeches with considerable success. Luckily I was next the door, and had the advantage of engaging to windward, so that the smoke of the burning hair and steam of the hot water flew point-blank in his face. I used my poker as a cut and thrust, and finged and carbonadoed him with a vengeance,

vengeance, till the fire having reached the tail of his peruke, I looked like a god armed with a comet, and the enemy could stand it no longer. He ran off, leaving me master of the field of battle, and my scalded legs rendered me incapable of pursuit. So ended an action in which I revenged my insulted sovereign, and which I may without vanity call the *hottest* of the whole war, except perhaps the affair of the floating batteries at Gibraltar. Yet, unpensioned and starved to a skeleton in French Flanders, I may exclaim with Scipio Africanus, "*Ingrata patria*" "*ne ossa quidem habebis.*"

I had however the satisfaction of being congratulated on my victory by every body in the coffee-room, and all the persons present pressing me to  
share

share their bowls, seemed to wish to stick a sprig of Bacchus's ivy among the laurels of the conqueror. As I have a great share of complaisance, they soon succeeded, my head became as infirm as my legs, and in my way home I did not find the *Broad-way* wide enough. I staggered along, still full of indignation against my antagonist, and muttering, at every step, "the rebel, the sad rebel!" I had not gone far when I stumbled over something, and fell into the kennel. Unfortunately the obstacle I met with in my road was nothing less than a sleeping sentinel, who finding himself waked in so rude a manner, thought it was high time to call out "*who goes there?*" In the mean time, I was again on my legs, still repeating as I went along, "the rebel, the sad  
"rebel!"



rebel!" The sentinel, provoked at receiving no answer but rebel, and not knowing whether I was one myself, or whether I meant to call him so, supposed in either case that he was justifiable in shooting me, cocked his piece, and fired it without farther ceremony. The whizzing of the ball brought me to my recollection; in stooping to avoid it, I fell a second time, with my legs doubled under me, and as I perceived that the sentinel was walking up to me, I thought it prudent to lie still. The sentinel, who, as well as myself, had taken a cup too much, came groping along to discover what had been the effect of his firing, and put his hand on my posteriors, which were wet in consequence of my previous fall in the kennel.—"Dead," said he, "dead as  
" the

“the devil—his body is bleeding still.  
“—’Tis comical, d—n’d cau-omical  
“to be fure: I have been in four  
“battles, and at three sieges, and  
“never saw a man’s head shot off by  
“a musket-ball before.” He then re-  
tired to sleep on his arms like a good  
soldier, and as soon as I thought it  
prudent, I scrambled up, and reached  
Mrs. Donewell’s without any loss,  
but that of my wig, which in all pro-  
bability I had left in the kennel.

C H A P.

## C H A P. VII.

*A military execution; with the character  
of Capt. Furnace of the navy.*

**I** Regretted this loss exceedingly; I considered the hair that composed it as a relick, it having belonged to a soldier of a Highland regiment, who was hung at New York, for stealing, on a march, two cabbages and three beet-roots, marauding being a capital crime in the military code.

I had



I had been present at the execution of this poor fellow, and while waiting under the gallows, I remarked to a gentleman standing by me, that I supposed the other delinquents would soon be hanged. “I did not know,” answered he, “that there were any “other criminals under sentence.” “Nor I either,” said I, “but I heard “an officer declare, in a coffee-house “last evening, that two army com- “missioners, and a navy agent victual- “ler, had each robbed government of “100,000l.” “Oh!” said the gentleman, “that was the officer’s way “of expressing himself, for these supposed robberies consist only in what “was formerly called peculation and “malversation; but is now expressed “by the term perquisite, or as the “French call it, *tour de bâton*. In “the

“ the employment of commissary, a  
“ man’s emoluments are in proportion  
“ to his address and good intelligence  
“ with the commanding officers. If  
“ the public enemy, or a private  
“ friend of the commissary, burns a  
“ magazine, he makes out an account  
“ of double the quantity of stores de-  
“ stroyed, and the commander in chief,  
“ who sometimes shares his profits,  
“ readily signs his vouchers. An  
“ agent-victualler condemns 100,000  
“ sound staves, and 20,000 good iron  
“ hoops, as unserviceable, puts them  
“ up at auction in the presence of  
“ himself, auctioneer, and clerk, and  
“ bids 50l. for the lot : the auction-  
“ eer knocks them down to the best  
“ bidder, who works them up into  
“ 1000 ton of cask, and furnishes them  
“ to government at 5l. per ton. You  
“ see

“ see that this is so far from being a  
“ robbery *vi et armis*, as in the case of  
“ the cabbages and beet-roots, that  
“ every thing is carried on in the most  
“ regular manner possible ; and if you  
“ think that this way of disposing of  
“ the public money is extraordinary,  
“ please to recollect that it is precisely  
“ for this reason, that the sums voted  
“ to answer these demands are called  
“ army-extraordinaries, and navy-  
“ extraordinaries.”

While my communicative friend was speaking, the culprit made his appearance, attended by the facetious Hibernian who generally presided on these occasions. Nothing could be more entertaining than his manner of acquitting himself of his office. There was none of that gloom, solemnity, and



and preaching, that is seen at civil executions. This jocular gentleman did every thing in his power to keep the sufferer in good humour. Observing the Highlander look serious while he was arranging the knot, "Fie! "fie! my jewel," said he, "you a "soldier, used to a leathern stock, and "make faces at the touch of a hempen "collar! To be sure now, my dear, "you are going to be hanged a little, "and it will tickle you at first; but "in a quarter of an hour you'll not "mind it at all at all." In the midst of his jokes, he took poor Sawney by surprise, pushing him, without the least notice, off the ladder, which he descended himself laughing, and highly pleased at having, as he termed it, taken in the Scotchman.

During

During the war in America, I was present at the execution of several soldiers, and observed that it seldom happened that a Hessian was punished for marauding. Whenever the troops of that nation saw any thing in an American house which suited them, they begged it in a civil way; though at the same time using an argument that was unanswerable—"If you was  
"one frynd to the Koning," said Lieut. *Hastendudendrot* of the *Trumbrick* regiment, "you was gif me your  
"vatch; if you was one repell, by  
"Got I take it."

As soon as my scalded legs were cured, I was ordered to go to Rhode Island, to attend the sale of some plunder landed there, and as his Majesty's

jefty's ship the Oddfish was on the point of sailing, I procured a passage in it to that place. Our voyage was so short, that I had but small opportunities of observing whether the captain was as smart an officer as he who commanded the ship that brought me to New York. However, an obliging young officer, who seemed to have some penetration, made up the deficiency in my observations. Though what he said was in a kind of confidence, I flatter myself he will pardon my publishing his remarks.

“ Nobody,” said he, “ can assert  
“ that Captain Furnace is not a sea-  
“ man, for he d—ns his eyes, chews  
“ tobacco, and is an excellent hand at  
“ making a sea-pye. He is also al-  
“ lowed to be a good officer, for when

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“ it



“ it blows hard, he makes more noise  
“ than the boatswain and gun-tackles  
“ together. When he drinks a great  
“ deal of strong grog, which is gene-  
“ rally every night, you would suppose  
“ the liquor he swallows to be the  
“ spirit of contradiction. On the pas-  
“ sage to America, whenever he had  
“ taken his dose, and we were in the  
“ neighbourhood of a rock or shoal,  
“ he was sure, spite of all remon-  
“ strance, to steer directly for it ; and  
“ I cannot conceive how we escaped  
“ shipwreck, unless, as they say, it is  
“ true, that Providence takes care of  
“ drunken people. Piquing himself  
“ on his resolution and public spirit,  
“ he swore that all the gales of wind  
“ in the world, all the angels in hea-  
“ ven, and devils in hell, should not  
“ drive him off the coast of America,  
“ and

“ and that rather than bear away for  
“ the West Indies, he would *club his*  
“ *ship on the coast*, as he termed it, with  
“ *seven cables an end*, though we had  
“ only six on board.

“ During the last peace, Captain  
“ Furnace, who was then a lieutenant  
“ on half-pay, resided three years in  
“ France, and as he was on an œco-  
“ nomical plan, boarded in a trades-  
“ man’s family. In consequence of  
“ this, he talks much of his French  
“ education, fancies himself a non-  
“ pareil of politeness, and introduces  
“ in his conversation a great number  
“ of French words, and French words  
“ anglicised. As he has made a par-  
“ ticular study of the naval acts of  
“ parliament, in which, by way of  
“ providing for all possible cases, two

“ or three terms are generally tied  
“ together, such as *port or place, ship or*  
“ *vessel*, Captain Furnace generally  
“ uses two synonymous words in every  
“ phrase, and will tell you that ‘ last  
“ evening or night, when he was go-  
“ ing to sleep or repose, he put on his  
“ *bonnet de nuit*, or night-cap.’

“ Captain Furnace is as brave as  
“ any bull-dog; he says so himself,  
“ and there is not one of us who has  
“ not heard him repeat ten times,  
“ and often ten times in the same  
“ evening, the account of an action  
“ which was so warm, that happen-  
“ ing, three hours after it was over,  
“ to seat himself astride on a six-  
“ pounder, he was scorched to such a  
“ degree, that his backside was as raw  
“ and as smooth as a singed capon’s.

“ Unfor-



“ Unfortunately he is as quarrel-  
 “ some as brave. One evening, Mr.  
 “ Squeeze, our purser, who had staid  
 “ on shore beyond his leave, coming  
 “ into his cabin to make an excuse,  
 “ Captain Furnace stopped him short  
 “ in his apology: ‘ What you are  
 “ come at last,’ said he, ‘ Mr. Purser,  
 “ Mr. Judas Iscariot. It seems or  
 “ appears that you do not *gene* or con-  
 “ fine yourself to your duty. G—d  
 “ strike me d—d, but you have over-  
 “ set or turned the milky bowels of  
 “ humanity, and blown a degree of  
 “ rancour into my brain; so get about  
 “ your business, you son of a b——;’  
 “ and without farther ceremony shoved  
 “ Judas Iscariot out of the cabin.  
 “ The purser complained to the ad-  
 “ miral; the admiral sent for Captain  
 “ Furnace, who, in his presence,  
 E 3 “ challenged

“challenged the purser, and threat-  
“ened to stick his sword in his a—.  
“However, as the admiral talked of a  
“court-martial, unless he begged the  
“pursers pardon in the presence of the  
“officers before whom he had insulted  
“him, Furnace took Mr. Squeeze on  
“board, and having assembled the wit-  
“nesses; ‘Mr. Squeeze,’ said he, ‘I am  
“ordered or commanded by the admiral,  
“to ask your pardon for having called  
“you a son of a b—. If I must do it,  
“why I beg your pardon; but you  
“are a Judas, and a d—d son of a  
“b—, you know you are.’

“Having heard that one of the  
“midshipmen sometimes intoxicated  
“himself, he sent for him at a time  
“when he had made frequent liba-  
“tions to Bacchus himself, and wish-  
“ing

“ing to make the most awful appear-  
“ance possible, he had spread on the  
“table in his cabin, a large quantity  
“of acts of parliament. ‘Mr. Saun-  
“ders,’ said he, with a hiccough,  
“I am told that you sometimes get  
“*tipsy* or *groggy*, which (hiccup!) is  
“very shocking, Mr. Saunders.—  
“Drunkenness is a fault I ne-ever  
“will forgive, if I do (hiccup! hic-  
“cup!) I hope J-f-s Ch--st never  
“will forgi-ive me.’ More he would  
“have said, but the weight of the  
“liquor was too much for his legs,  
“and he came down *all four together*,  
“drawing the table upon him, and  
“burying himself in acts of parlia-  
“ment. The quarter-master of the  
“watch and sentinel were obliged to  
“assist in bearing this unwieldy mass  
“to his cot, and Furnace the next



“ day boasted much of his lenity, be-  
“ cause he did not punish the mid-  
“ shipman for his want of sobriety.”

After this outline of the character of his commander, the young officer gave me a copy of a conversation he had taken down verbatim, between Captain Furnace; Captain O'Sneak, a half-pay captain of the army, passenger on board the Oddfish; and the lieutenant of the ship. I think it hardly necessary to make an apology for inserting it here, as I know my friend the officer has shewn it to several besides myself.

## CHAP.

## C H A P. VIII.

## The CONVERSATION.

*The Lieutenant.*

**T**HE loss of Burgoyne's army is really a most unfortunate event.

*Captain Furnace.*

I very naturally prove of the same opinion ; but I think General Burgoyne ought to have *ecarted* or withdrawn before he had got so far into the enemy's country : indeed as a military being he ought not to have advanced

or proceeded so far without sustenance or provisions for the nourishment of his army; and after all, his own *espions* or spies ought to have informed or acquainted him of the rebels approach.

*Captain O'Sneak*, bowing.

Very true, my dear Captain Furnace; if there were always such clear good officers as you, these mistakes would not happen.

*Captain Furnace.*

I am afraid this news will set the people at home neck and heels together by the ears very naturally, and that they will prove repugnant to the sending out of any more troops.

*The Lieutenant.*

General Howe's taking Philadelphia is some advantage, however.

*Captain*



*Captain O'Sneak.*

He had no business to take it.

*The Lieutenant.*

I think, Captain O'Sneak, it is rather severe to condemn so hastily, before you know the general's reasons, intentions, or indeed any one circumstance of the campaign.

*Captain Furnace.*

Captain O'Sneak, Captain O'Sneak, I never will allow any degree of censure, while I have the honour very naturally to sit at the head of, or preside at, this table.

*Captain O'Sneak.*

Sir, I most humbly ask your pardon; I never will take that liberty again.

*Captain Furnace.*

Never will, Sir, you never shall.  
G— strike me dead, if I allow it, by  
G—.

*Captain O'Sneak.*

Sir, I am very forry—

*Captain Furnace.*

By G—, Sir, if ever you *ape* or  
presume to talk in that way again, I'll  
turn you neck and heels out of my  
cabin; and if you do not go quietly,  
I shall order the sentry to stick his  
bayonet in your a—; if he refuses, I  
shall very naturally stick my sword in  
his.

*Captain O'Sneak.*

I hope, Sir, you will never have  
occasion to do that.

*Captain*

*Captain Furnace.*

G— strike me d—d, if I suffer any man's character to be injured. The man who takes from me my good name, as Shakespeare says:—Sir, I am a justice of peace aboard ship, and can, according to the *lineal* line of service, tie you up and flog you, if you misbehave. My instructions say so, Sir; “any person in or belonging to the fleet:” they prove my creed and line of guidance very naturally.

*Captain O'Sneak.*

I never should have ventured the observation, Sir, if I had thought it would have produced any words.

*Captain*



*Captain Furnace.*

By G—, Sir, you not only insulted me, but yourself, by that observation, and I took notice of it, not that I ape a degree of authority, but because I am, as captain or commander of this ship called Oddfish, answerable for the behaviour of every body in her. I can give you acts of parliament for it, by G—.

*Captain O'Sneak.*

Your authority is certainly very great, Sir.

*Captain Furnace.*

G— d— my bl—d, Sir, did you ever know me place or lay a stress or strain upon my authority? No, by G—, if I chose very naturally to expand or extend my authority, you don't

don't know how great it is. Sir, I could flog that officer (*pointing to the lieutenant*) if he disobeyed my orders. No, G— d— my bl—d, I could not flog him, but I could confine him very naturally to his cabin, by G—. Why, Captain O'Sneak, suppose in case of action, that I was to order you and the other passengers to go upon the poop with small arms, and you were to prove repugnant, you think perhaps, because you are passengers, that I could not force you; why G— strike me dead if I would not very naturally bayonet every f--t-- of you.

CHAP.

## C H A P. — IX.

*Jonathan meets with a disappointment in love at Rhode Island; returns to New-York; meets unexpectedly with an old acquaintance.*

**I** Landed from the *Oddfish* the day after our arrival, and having a letter from a loyalist to his mother, who resided at Rhode Island, I presented it to the old lady: she insisted upon my remaining at her house, where I found myself very agreeably situated.



situated. Every evening we played at Pope Joan, and at this game I was always in partnership with her eldest daughter, a girl of about seventeen years old. Any other author, who, like me, had been in love with the lady, would tell you that the lily disputed with the rose the empire of her face; that her lips were coral, and her teeth two rows of oriental pearl; that her nose was well formed and inclined to the aquiline; that her large blue eyes were of the sleepy kind, "that spoke the melting soul;" that her hair was auburn, and that she was above the middle size; but I who, unlike most historians, paint from nature, will candidly confess that she was a smart little brunette, with sparkling black eyes, and that if she was not pretty, she was very  
much

much to my taste. In our little commerce at cards, she put our stock of counters in her lap. Though I am by no means a miser, I was for ever numbering our riches; and though I am not naturally a coward, my hand trembled when it met hers. In a short time the silent intercourse of eyes and little expressive larcenies of love, led my passion such a length, that I almost resolved to lay my share of plunder at her feet; but when I recollected that the lady's fortune consisted of twelve silver spoons, tied down in such a manner, that they could not be taken off the Island, prudence took the ascendant.

One morning, when I met my Dolly alone, I, like a true lover, asked her foolishly if she was not cold: she  
said

said no, and to convince me that she was not, held out her hand: I pressed it in mine, and was pleased to find the pressure returned. Judging this a favourable moment, I determined to make a declaration of love in form—but not in the usual hackneyed shape of a studied speech—no—any share that my tongue had in the business did not consist of words; I pressed my lips to hers, and under the cover of my kisses made terrible havock among the out-works of two hemispheres, which, as my Dolly was a brunette, were not of snow, and had on me the effect of fire. My fair one made scarcely any defence, her heart beat upon her lips, and her passions were in unison with mine, when alas! forgive me reader if I lay down my pen. Never is the bitter recollection



tion of my disappointment renewed, but I drop a tear: shall sordid souls lament the loss of their useless riches, and the failure of their ill-founded schemes of ambition, and shall not I regret the loss of pleasure, the only good for which we live?—A pleasure too whose bare recollection would in the chilly season of old age whip on the languid fluids, and light up for a moment the extinguished torch of youth. But let me hurry through the rest;—just at the moment when *big with expectation* I was on the brink of bliss, in came my Dolly's younger sister, to tell her she was wanted in her mother's chamber. She desired me to wait, and returned in a few minutes, but cold as ice; the fever of love had by some means been precipitated to its crisis, and I returned to  
New-

New-York much afflicted at this disappointment, and little expecting the consolation that awaited me there.

Mrs. Donewell, on my return, grinned very graciously, and Dinah gave me a very tender smile: the former informed me that a whole family of refugees was come to lodge at her house, as well as a captain in a provincial *corps* and his lady. Having many people to see, I left them immediately, and made a variety of visits during the day. In the evening I supped with a loyalist, who had made a considerable capture of Holland's Geneva. We were only four in number, and after supper he placed two bottles on the table, telling us that he would not give us leave to go till they were finished. As Dinah  
had

had told me that she had something to say to me before I went to bed, and as I wished to know what it was, I hastened to dispatch the two bottles; but when they were drunk, two more were produced, attended by the same conditions. In a hurry to be gone I drank the Geneva pure, which disturbed the association of my ideas full as much as the libations I had made on my victory at the coffee-room at Hull's tavern. The night was dark; I went home a very *sober* pace, for fear of accidents; and to be sure of my road, I felt with my hands and head half the door-porches and posts in my way. I let myself in at Mrs. Done-well's, and went as I supposed into Dinah's room. As soon as I was there I was taken with one of my absent fits, and began to undress as if in my own :



own : the getting rid of my clothes was that evening a very tedious operation ; I was tugging a quarter of an hour at my breeches, and cursing the taylor for making them so small at the knees, when I discovered that they were still buckled : I could not conceive what prevented my pulling my stockings off, when I found at last that I had forgot the little ceremony of taking off my shoes. I made two or three other blunders, such as the mistaking a flat candlestick for a chamber-pot, and the chamber-pot for a night-cap, and at last rolled into bed. Probably I slept very soundly during the night, but towards the morning I began to dream. Nothing is more true than that a first love is rarely forgotten. I fancied my dear Desire Slawbunk was in my arms, and  
thought

thought I was caressing her as she merited, when lo! I awoke. I rubbed my eyes, and was astonished to find myself with my head at the foot of the bed, and hugging a pair of as pretty feet as a man would desire to kiss: my wonder increased, when I discovered a chamber-pot tied on my head with a worsted garter; but I want a word to express my amazement, when I found my dream realized, and that the feet I had been making love to were those of Miss Slawbunk herself; yes, a faint light that made its way through the window-curtains, the *softest* of all mouths, and the most languishing of all smiles, convinced me that it was Desire.—“Desire!” said I.—“Jonathan!” said she.—“Good G—!” said I, “what is all this? the day before yesterday I was in the state of

6

“Rhode

“ Rhode Island ; yesterday in the  
“ province of New-York ; am I to-  
“ day in Maffachuffet’s-Bay ? tell me,  
“ for heaven’s fake, where I am, my  
“ dear Defire.”—And at the fame  
moment I reverfed my position, and  
laid head and chamber-pot upon the  
pillow of the fair.



## C H A P. X.

*Desire Slawbunk's narrative, and subsequent conversation.*

“**W**H Y, I swear now, my old acquaintance Jonathan,” said the lady, “you are at Mrs. Donewell’s, up two pair of stairs.” “Heavens!” cried I, “and how came you here?” “I will tell you,” said she; “you know the situation you left me in—but I will not reproach you: when I was six months  
3 “gone

“ gone with child, a cow I was milk-  
“ ing kicked me down, as well as the  
“ pail, and I miscarried of a prodi-  
“ gious fine boy, and as like you as  
“ it could stare. Soon after, my father  
“ Benaniah Slawbunk set up a tavern,  
“ and the British officers, who were  
“ prisoners, dined at our house :  
“ among them was a Scotch gentle-  
“ man, captain in a provincial *corps*,  
“ of the name of Seeclear ; a tall  
“ young man, though it is true that  
“ his height is principally owing to  
“ half an ell of neck ; his beard is  
“ red, and his hair black ; he is wall-  
“ eyed, and his nose has been rather  
“ ill-treated by the small-pox ; upon  
“ the whole, as you will suppose, he  
“ is not very amiable ; notwithstand-  
“ ing he fancied himself pretty, and  
“ no lady ever bit her lips or smiled

“ with a greater air of self-compla-  
“ cency : he boasted of himself in  
“ every respect, but particularly as to  
“ his good fortune with the ladies ;  
“ however, he was candid enough to  
“ confess that his happiness had fel-  
“ dom or never been complete : in  
“ numberless instances he had been  
“ on the point of succeeding, but had  
“ always been prevented by some  
“ curst circumstance he had not fore-  
“ seen ; for instance, a want of good-  
“ will in the lady, or his unfortu-  
“ nately deferring the attack till the  
“ day after he left the place.—He had  
“ determined that I should pay for all  
“ his disappointments, and made a vio-  
“ lent attack on my virtue : taught by  
“ experience, I made a good defence,  
“ but at last agreed to give him a  
“ meeting, of which I meant to inform  
“ my



“ my father; he, however, had spared  
 “ me the trouble; he had written a  
 “ letter to a young man of his ac-  
 “ quaintance, desiring him to engage  
 “ my father in a party at cards while  
 “ his assignation with me took place.  
 “ His letter, as I remember, ended in  
 “ this way :—*gin you wull obledge me,*  
 “ *I wull dow the sam for you :* Seeclear  
 “ Sedley. It was in consequence of  
 “ his reputation for gallantry, that  
 “ he added Sedley to his name. His  
 “ friend betrayed him, and my father  
 “ burst into the room when we had  
 “ been there about a quarter of an  
 “ hour, and when appearances were  
 “ much against Seeclear Sedley. The  
 “ committee of safety was conse-  
 “ quently assembled, and it was de-  
 “ termined, that for the security of  
 “ the township, the captain should be

“ put in gaol, and forfeit all right  
“ to his exchange, unless he married  
“ me : in this dilemma, Seeclear Sed-  
“ ley chose rather to become a sober  
“ husband, and I am now the cap-  
“ tain's lady at your service.

“ Last night I saw you come into  
“ the room, and recollected you im-  
“ mediately, but did not choose to say  
“ any thing, lest, elevated as you  
“ were, your surprise should have  
“ occasioned exclamations fatal to my  
“ reputation : I was likewise witness  
“ to your preparations for bed, till a  
“ small mistake you made extinguished  
“ the candle ; and I tried several times  
“ this morning to wake you, but my  
“ efforts were vain ; your sleep was of  
“ too sound a kind.”

When

When Mrs. Seeclear had finished her recital, I found time to disengage my head from my weighty night-cap, and to give a few tears to the memory of my hopeful progeny, cut off by so *untimely* a death.

I then begged Desire to tell me where the captain was. "He marched with the detachment that left New-York yesterday," said she, "and commands one of the flanking parties." "A flanking party must be very amusing," said I; and the conversation immediately became more animated.

When our curiosity in respect to each other was satisfied, I inquired who were the refugees that lodged in the house. "What!" said she, "don't



“you know? why I guess it is your  
“own family.”—“Good G—!” said I,  
“what my honoured father Mr. Ha-  
“bakkuk Corncob?” “Yes,” said she.  
—“And my -honoured mother Mrs.  
“Charity Corncob?”—“She is here  
“too.”—“And my brother Zedekias,  
“and my brother Hannaniah, and my  
“brother Melchisedeck, and little Jep-  
“tha, and my sister Supply, and my  
“sister Increase?—Heaven be praised,”  
said I, “here is the whole family of  
“the Corncob’s at New-York.”

“My dear Desire,” continued I,  
“how they will all be surprised!”  
“Not at all,” answered she: “Mrs.  
“Donewell, after you went out yes-  
“terday, told your father that an old  
“lodger of hers and a namesake of  
“his was just come from New-York.  
“He

“ He asked a number of questions respecting you, and it was agreed on at last, that you could be no other than his runaway son.”

I went up stairs to my father's apartment, and found the whole family at breakfast: they all started up, and in a moment I was questioned and turned round by every individual: Mr. Habakkuk, Mrs. Charity, my brothers, my sisters, Supply and Increase, every one was eager to hear my adventures, and to see how I looked. All found me improved, and my sister said I was grown handsome. “ Handsome is that handsome does,” said my good old mother Mrs. Charity. This I suppose was meant as a little hint of my depredations in the *store*.

## C H A P. XI.

*The misfortunes of Mr. Habakkuk Corn-  
cob.—An American hunt.—Jonathan  
quarrels with Captain Seeclear.*

AS soon as I could obtain a mo-  
ment's silence, I asked my fa-  
ther what events had brought him to  
New-York. "I snore now, Jona-  
" than," said he, "it was no good  
" luck brought me here. About nine  
" months ago I bought a couple of  
" creatures of colonel Howe, who  
" keeps



“ keeps a tavern at Salisbury : among  
 “ the money I gave him for them  
 “ was a forged fifty dollar bill ; it was  
 “ detected, and information was given  
 “ to the committee, which was of  
 “ opinion, that as I had passed it, I  
 “ must consequently have forged it,  
 “ though, as you know, I never could  
 “ write in my life ; the committee  
 “ knew it too, but the president had  
 “ long had an inclination to become  
 “ possessor of Squatcock farm : I was  
 “ therefore declared an enemy of the  
 “ state, all my effects were ordered to  
 “ be confiscated, and I was sentenced  
 “ to be set astride on the gallows three  
 “ different market days : all this was  
 “ executed, and your poor innocent  
 “ father was obliged to ride the gal-  
 “ lows.” “ I see,” said I, “ that it is  
 “ the fate of the Corncocks to be oddly

“mounted; I myself rode sixty miles  
“on a moose deer.”—“However,”  
continued my father, “they thought  
“proper to give your mother my  
“hundred acres of land in the neigh-  
“bourhood of Vermont, for her sup-  
“port and that of the family, while  
“I was lodged in prison. After I had  
“been there three months, I obtained  
“permission to go and tarry three  
“days with my spouse Charity; but as  
“soon as it was known that Corncob  
“the tory was arrived, the whole  
“neighbourhood assembled, and de-  
“clared, that there was more plea-  
“sure in hunting a tory than in  
“hunting a *skunk*.\* They dragged  
“me directly from the arms of

\* An American animal, that smells somewhat stronger than a pole-cat.

“your

“ your mother, to whom I had scarcely  
“ spoken, and forming a lane accord-  
“ ing to the laudable custom of the  
“ Indians, they made me run the  
“ gantlet. When I had got to the  
“ end, lieutenant-general Hand came  
“ up, and asked what was the matter.  
“ —We are only giving *considerable*  
“ *of a basting* to this old tory.—I  
“ swear now, said he, that’s *grand*—  
“ let him go it again. I was obliged  
“ to run through them a second time,  
“ and got off better than could be ex-  
“ pected, for I had only my left arm  
“ and both collar-bones broke, and my  
“ skull fractured. I was more than  
“ four months under cure, and as I  
“ heard I was threatened with such  
“ another sample I contrived to get  
“ away, with the whole family, and  
“ by travelling in the night, by the  
“ assistance



“ assistance of our brother tories and  
“ God’s providence, we all came safe  
“ to New-York.”

When my father had done speaking, I was obliged to give an account of all my adventures; how I lost myself in the wood; how the blue-tailed jays made game of me; how I rode the runaway moose deer; how I was imprisoned at Boston; how I was shoved by the captain of the king’s ship, kicked by the lieutenant, and damned by the master; how I was flogged with a cat of nine-tails; how I caught a complaint at New-York; how I was fumigated, salivated, scored and scarified by the doctor; and how I fought a battle at Hull’s tavern. My whole relation was heard with the greatest attention, and my gallant behaviour  
in

in the battle of the boiler received the warmest applause. My good mother said I should be an honour to the family ; even little Jephtha was animated by it, and said he was *full of fight*, and longed to be *blazing away* at the rebels. As to my elder brothers, Zedekias and Hannaniah, the whole of my story had so affected them, that they declared themselves for a roving life. “ If that is the case,” said my father Mr. Habakkuk, “ you have “ nothing to do but to enlist in the “ Queen’s rangers.”

The whole of us at Mrs. Donewell’s continued to live in great intimacy and harmony, except Mrs. Seeclear and Dinah, who did not seem to sympathize, and the captain and I. It sometimes happened, when the captain bit his lips, smiled

smiled and looked pretty, that I smiled too: the captain, who was always afraid of being laughed at, did not like to see any body laugh unless he knew why; and one evening when I laughed out, as he was a strong powerful fellow, a Scotchman, and a little brutal, he knocked me down. This was the most critical situation I ever found myself in in my life; nobody but little Jephtha was in the room, and if I returned the blow, I was sure of getting soundly pummelled to no purpose—on the other hand, if I did not resent the injury on the spot, I was convinced that my character for courage would be totally lost. In this perplexing business I fortunately found an expedient, which insured my person and reputation. As a man is supposed to be blinded by rage, I pretended to



to mistake my little brother Jephtha for my antagonist; I fell upon him, knocked him down, and continued threshing him in good earnest, and abusing him for an overgrown Scotch rascal, till his cries brought half the family from the next room: I then discovered my mistake, and as soon as I found myself held by the arms, wanted to attack the captain, crying out at the same time to my brother,

“What, my dear little Jephtha, is it  
 “you I mistook for the scoundrel? I  
 “hope, my poor dear fellow, I have not  
 “hurt you? How unfortunate it is  
 “that my blunder and passion should  
 “prevent my chastising the villain as  
 “he deserves!”

Although I had declined engaging in a combat of fifty cuffs on unequal terms,

terms, I was not averse to meeting the captain on fair ground, and sent to demand satisfaction. Captain Seeclear turned a little pale on receiving the message, but soon recollecting himself, he bit his lips, smiled, and said, that though perhaps he had knocked me down, it was never his intention to offend me in his life, and that nothing was more disagreeable to him than fighting among friends, especially where we were surrounded by enemies.

## C H A P. XII.

*Jonathan goes to Barbadoes, and is highly satisfied with that island.*

**A**S my youngest sister was extremely pretty, I was soon after this affair appointed acting purser of a frigate going to Barbadoes. We very soon sailed, and had a prosperous passage. When we were in the vicinity of the West-India islands, we met at different times more than fifty sail of ships, none of which we approached,



proached, our captain, who looked at them very attentively, assuring us always that they were ships of the line. It must be observed, that we were at this time at war with the French. Our sailors murmured at being disappointed in their hopes of prize-money, and our sea-officers, who were used to arithmetic in working their *day's work*, calculated that the French had only twelve sail of the line in the West-Indies. The captain, in short, was blamed by every body but myself; I endeavoured to vindicate him, and proved to the officers, that even if he mistook, it was natural enough, as he always looked through one of Dollond's best six-feet glasses, which magnified exceedingly.

As

As I knew the climate we were approaching was extremely warm, I fancied that I should find a country totally parched up by the heat, and destitute of foliage and verdure; but when we came within a few miles of Barbadoes, and were sailing round Needham's point, I was astonished at the beautiful appearance of the island. The broad-leaved palm-trees, their stems furrounded with weighty coconuts; the long lawns well covered with grass, and the white airy houses of the planters, formed a view as picturesque as pleasing, while the romantic highlands of Scotland completed the landscape. "What a pity," said I, "that Barbadoes should be subject to hurricanes!"

No

No sooner had we cast anchor, than a motley assemblage of inhabitants swarmed on board, composed of all the different shades between the sable African and pale Quadroon, carrying the marks of slavery on their backs, and of content on their faces. They were loaded with the most delicious tropical fruits, poultry, vegetables, and all kinds of refreshments. Our apartment was instantly filled with mulatto girls, almost all of them slaves, yet many of them ornamented with gold necklaces, ear-rings, and bracelets to an amount that would have purchased their freedom, could they have prevailed on themselves to part with their finery. These ladies danced, sung, and caressed us, displaying their talents and their charms, by way of disputing with each other  
the



the trifling advantage of washing our linen. When I saw with what good humour they received even a refusal, when I heard the sounds of joviality and joy among our sailors and their black mistresses, and when I had a slice of pine-apple in my mouth, I could not help exclaiming again, “What a pity that Barbadoes should be so subject to hurricanes !”

The following evening I went on shore, and on going into the coffee-house at Bridgetown, I thought myself in the midst of my acquaintance, though I could not recollect a face I saw. Half a dozen persons together, each a bowl of punch in his hand, crowded round me, and insisted on my drinking. As soon as I had an opportunity of observing them a little, I was of opinion

nion that they had certainly drunk enough themselves, and was no longer surpris'd at their offering their punch to a stranger, or at their pouring it into his shoes. At any rate the lime punch was excellent, and I could not help saying to myself, that it was a pity such a country should be subject to hurricanes.

A few minutes after a gentleman came up to me, and asked me if my name was not Corncob; I answered in the affirmative, but said I had not the honour of recollecting him. "I wonder at that," said he, "for we were fellow prisoners at Boston, and made our escape together from gaol." We immediately began to congratulate and compliment each other. "Do you remember," said I, "the fire on board the English ship that took us  
"aboard?"

“ aboard?” “ Yes,” said he. He then asked if I remembered the gale of wind on our passage to New-York: I answered yes very faintly, and directly shifted the conversation to some other subject, trembling for fear he should mention my having been flogged. On taking leave he invited me to dine with him the following day, at his plantation, where I was regaled in a most luxurious manner; the turtle was superior to any ever served on a lord mayor’s table; the oranges and pine-apples were of the highest flavour; Ben Kenton’s porter sparkled like champaign, and excellent claret and Madeira crowned the feast. At the end of the dinner I caught myself unbuttoning my waistcoat, and crying out, ’tis d—d hard that there should be hurricanes in this country.

G

Towards



Towards the evening the gentleman asked me if I would look at his hen negroes : I accepted the proposal, and we walked along a rank of about thirty females of that species. He then asked me how I liked them. I said that perhaps it was owing to prejudice that I did not think them very amiable. After supper he conducted me to my apartment, where I was surprised to find a very pretty mulatto girl. My friend told me, that as I did not seem to like any of his hen negroes, he had sent to a planter of his acquaintance to borrow a beauty of a somewhat lighter hue. I thanked him, told him there was no occasion for such an attention, and expressed my sorrow at his incurring such an obligation on my account. “ Oh !” answered he, “ that is nothing ; I shall  
“ lend

“lend him one of my people to work  
 “at his sugar-mill to-morrow, which  
 “you know is much the same thing.”

Though this extraordinary attention of the West-Indian shocked the morality of my ideas, yet, as I have always made it a rule to conform to the customs of the countries I visit, I invited the young mulatto girl to get into bed. “Ki, Ki!” cried the tawny beauty, starting back with the greatest marks of astonishment. Upon my renewing my solicitations, she told me that it was a liberty she could never think of taking; that the mat at the bed-side was destined for her bed; and, “if massa,” said she, “want ee  
 “chambepot, he will put he hand  
 “out of bed; if he want me, he will  
 “puttee out he foot.”—There was something droll in this arrangement,

but however, it was convenient, and I thought it a thousand pities that Providence should visit so hospitable a country with such frequent hurricanes.

CHAP.



## C H A P. XIII.

*The West-Indian way of white-washing, or rather the true way of washing the blackmoor white. Jonathan begins to lose his good opinion of Barbadoes.*

MY friend took me the following morning to the house of the planter from whom he had borrowed the mulatto girl. He was not at home, but we were, nevertheless, ushered into an apartment, at one end of

which was sitting an old negrefs, smoking her pipe; near her was an elderly mulatto woman; at a little distance was a female still less tawny of complexion, called in the country, as I believe, a mestee; and at the other end of the room I observed a yellow quadroon giving suck to a child, which, though a little fallow, was as white as children in Europe generally are. I could not help remarking to the West-Indian this regular gradation of light and shade. "This," said he, "is the family of my friend, "Mr. Winter; the three younger "females and the child are the "progeny of the old negrefs."—"And who are the fathers?" "Mr. "Winter himself is the father of "them all," replied he: "when he "was very young he had the mulatto "woman

“ woman by the negrefs: when the  
 “ mulatto was twelve years old, he  
 “ took her for his mistress, and had  
 “ by her the mestee. At about the  
 “ same age his intimacy with the  
 “ mestee produced the quadroon, who  
 “ had by him a few months ago  
 “ the white child you see in her  
 “ arms. This is what is called in  
 “ this country washing a man’s self  
 “ white, and Mr. Winter has the cre-  
 “ dit of having washed himself white  
 “ at a very early age, being at this  
 “ time less than sixty years old.”  
 This complicated incest, and the cool-  
 ness with which my friend spoke of  
 it, made me begin to think it no  
 wonder that Barbadoes was subject to  
 hurricanes.



I returned to Bridgetown, and as I had several things to purchase for the use of the ship, I was sometimes obliged to sleep at a tavern there. One morning, when I was sleeping very soundly, I was waked by the most terrible cries of distress; I started up in a fright, supposing it could be caused by nothing less than a hurricane, slipped on my breeches, the hind part before, put my right arm into the left sleeve of my coat, and ran down stairs. I found below two ill-looking negroes, who were flogging two young negresses stripped entirely naked, while the tavern-keeper superintended the operation, and proved himself no bad anatomist, by pointing out the most sensible parts. The two poor girls interrupted their cries between each lash, to call out to the inn-

inn-keeper, "Oh ! Oh ! good maffa ;"  
 and, " dammee heart," to their black  
 executioners. " What is the matter ?"  
 faid I, to the mafter. " Nothing in par-  
 " ticular," faid he ; " it is the laft day  
 " of the month, when I always make  
 " it a rule to give a few lashes to my  
 " flaves, otherwife, look'e, fir, they  
 " would not be worth a squeezed fu-  
 " gar-cane ; however, nobody on the  
 " ifland is more humane than I am ; I  
 " am not one of thofe who flog for  
 " flogging's fake, and without reafon  
 " or bounds. I always obferve the  
 " mofaical law, and give exactly forty  
 " ftripes fave one."—As thefe reafons  
 were unanfwerable, I returned to my  
 bed, and left him to make up the  
 number, though I could not help mut-  
 tering, as I went up ftairs, that a good

hurricane would be no bad thing at Barbadoes.

The same day I met with two officers of my acquaintance, who asked me to go with them to a ball, given by an inhabitant of Bridgetown. I consented readily to be of their party, though I afterwards repented of my complaisance, on observing that they had both taken rather too large a dose of Madeira. We went into the ball-room, engaged partners, and all went on very well for about half an hour, when the lady with whom lieutenant Dasher, one of my friends, was dancing, dropped a garter. The lieutenant, who was a very polite man, picked it up, and offered to put it on. The young lady blushed, and begged to be excused. Her brother, a creole, who



who was standing by, interposed, and pointed out to the lieutenant the impropriety of his offer. However, my friend insisted, with some reason, that the lady could not dance with her stockings about her heels; that he was her partner, and that as nobody knew better how to put on a lady's garter, he had an exclusive right. The brother denied it. "Pshaw," said lieutenant Dasher, with a hiccough, "you're drunk, sir," and stooping down, prepared to put an end to the debate. The brother took him by the arm to prevent him, but my friend catching him by the leg, threw him on his back. In an instant half a dozen creoles ran up to his assistance; the lieutenant drew his sword, at the sight of which two ladies fell into hysterics, three begged permis-

sion to faint, and four called for smelling bottles. The number of creoles increased, the lieutenant was disarmed, the other officer and myself joined him, and the battle became general; but as they were thirty to three, we attempted to make a handsome retreat and gain the door: we should have succeeded if our ill fortune had not placed a curst musician in the door-way, who seeing our design, stopped me, who was in the front, by thrusting the reed-end of his clarinet into my mouth. I attempted to draw back my head, but the crowd behind prevented me, and I continued jammed up in this situation for several minutes, with the wind instrument in my mouth; every thump I received from the enemies producing a note high or low, agreeable to the  
part

part on which the blow fell, and I played such a piece of involuntary music as I believe was never before heard. At last, however, our efforts got the better of the clarinet player, and we descended the stair-case with great precipitation. As soon as we were at the bottom of it, we desired a parler, and offered to fight any of the combatants, man to man. The creoles told us, that they were rather inclined to dance at that moment, but that they would settle the matter the following morning. The following morning we waited on them all, and were astonished at their assuring us severally, that so far from having ill-treated us, they had interposed in our favour; that they had received blows intended for us, and each of them in particular declared upon his honour,



honour, that but for his interference we should certainly have been killed. As we could not insist upon fighting with people to whom we had such great obligations, we were obliged to be content with our threshing, and to leave our revenge to the next hurricane.

This adventure gave myself and fellows in misfortune but little taste for the society of the Barbadians, and we rather chose to pass our evenings in strolling about the vicinity of the town, than at the balls and concerts of the inhabitants of Bridgetown. In one of our walks our attention was attracted by the appearance of something black under a hedge, which, on examination, we found to be a negress: this hapless creature was lying on the  
bare

bare ground, in the last agonies of a burning fever; her whole body was covered with sores and pustules, caused by the bites of the flies and musquitos, that, from the freedom, with which they preyed on her person, seemed to insult her defenceless situation. The remnant of a blanket about her waist was her only covering, and a little dirty water in the bottom of a broken pitcher the only nourishment within her reach. Her eyes, though already covered with the film of death, seemed to implore our assistance.—We ran to a neighbouring house to learn the reason of her being there, and were told by a woman, that she was the slave of a planter, that her master fearing she might communicate the fever to his other negroes, had brought her to die under the hedge, and that she

she had already been there three days unnoticed by any body, and without any sustenance but the water in the pitcher. As she told us, that without a sum of money it was impossible for us to give, nobody would afford her a lodging, we proposed to leave some provisions by her, but the woman assured us that the other negroes would not fail to steal them immediately. We were devising other means to assist the sick slave, when giving a last groan, and expiring, she left us nothing to do but to wish her a better fate in another world. Lieutenant Dasher proposed setting fire to Bridgetown, but I begged him to leave the punishment of this Barbadian cruelty to the next hurricane.



## C H A P. XIV.

*A hurricane at Barbadoes, and an account  
of the damage caused by it.*

**O**UR ship being ordered to prepare for sea, I went to say farewell to my friend the planter who received me with his usual hospitality. After having been treated during the day in the most luxurious manner, in the evening I retired to bed; the little mulatto girl being as usual stretched out on her mat by the bedside. Soon after we both fell so fast asleep,

asleep, that we could not hear ourselves snore. I, for my own share, was dreaming of nothing less than a hurricane, when I was waked by the falling of the Venetian blinds and flashes into the room. I started up in my bed, and opening my mouth to call out murder! thieves! the wind rushed in so furiously, that I could not shut it again. I then began to suspect what was the matter, and was not a little alarmed at the rocking of the house. I was in doubt what step to take, and was much afraid I should be buried in the ruins of the building, when the mulatto girl took me by the arm, and pulled me towards the opposite window. "One cursee hurricane "to be sure," said she; "but good "little *macky* blue-coat, never be "afraid."—She then lowered herself  
down

down by her hands, and jumped to the ground. I followed her example, and jumped upon her back. The girl immediately recovered her legs, and, driven on by the wind, ran along at an amazing rate. As my good fortune had placed me on her back, I thought proper to keep my hold, for as she was in the front, it was clear that she would first encounter any obstacle in the way, and save my bones at the expence of her own. This reasoning, as she was a slave, was very fair; but the wind and my weight soon became too much for her; she fell upon her face, and I was dismounted. I continued to be carried on by the wind with the greatest swiftness, and, was much afraid I should be driven to sea, where in all probability I should have been lost, when I was suddenly taken off  
my



my feet, and falling from a considerable height, found myself very happily seated in a kind of ravine that was sheltered on every side. During my journey the wind had blown my shirt piece-meal off my back, and when I got into shelter, I perceived that I had nothing but the collar and wristbands left to cover my nakedness. There was a very numerous company in this hollow way, which was every moment increased by stragglers, who came flying in upon our heads, till at last we were crowded one upon another, and almost stifled with excessive heat. Terrible were the complaints on every side of me, every one enumerating his supposed losses, and lamenting his friends killed, or supposed to be killed. "My poor dear wife!" cried one: "my poor dear boy!" exclaimed

claimed another. As I had heard that the best way of consoling our fellow-creatures, is to divert their attention from their misfortunes, by relating our own, I began to cry out, "O! my  
" poor dear blue coat! my best white  
" dimity waistcoat! my new prince's  
" stuff breeches!" A planter, who was standing near me, and who was probably in a bad humour at being blown out of bed, imagined me to be making game of him; fell upon a creole lady whom, in the dark, he mistook for me, and pummelled her till her cries, and some discoveries he made in the action, undeceived him. When I perceived what was the matter, I left off my lamentations, and shifted my place to another, where, though I was safer, I was not near so much at my ease. I found myself in  
the

the middle of a company that did not seem to be of the most cleanly kind, at least if I could judge from the strong smell of perspiration that almost suffocated me. As soon as the day began to dawn, perceiving that I was in the midst of six overgrown negresses, I begged these black natives of Congo to give me a little room, "for really," said I, "my good women, you smell very strong." "Fie, fie, massa," answered one of them, "what we smell! ee fair sex smell! 'tis impossible—no—neber see de day dat ee fair sex smell." I made my way from among these fable fair ones, and went up to two young ladies of my acquaintance, whom I observed at a little distance, and who were as totally naked as myself. I made them a very ceremonious bow, they returned full



full as formal a courtesy, which, in the situation they were in, had so comical an effect, that I could not help laughing. The ladies, suspecting the cause of my mirth, turned their backs upon me, an expedient that by no means lessened my merriment. However, as I observed that my laughter seemed to displease some of the people about me, who were almost all naked too, I changed my tone, and began to comfort those that appeared to be the most in want of consolation. There was one planter in the number, whose sorrow was more turbulent than that of his neighbours. He roared, sobbed, cursed the hurricane, and called himself the most unfortunate of men. I went up to him: "Sir," said I, "consider we are all mortal, " and if your wife had not met with  
" this

“ this misfortune, she must have died  
“ sooner or later: your sorrow, my good  
“ fir, cannot bring her back: besides, she  
“ is, no doubt, in heaven; where, ac-  
“ cording to the best accounts, she must  
“ be better off, than we poor, naked  
“ christians in this nasty ravine.”—  
“ What do you mean, fir?” said he,  
still sobbing; “ my wife is the lady  
“ whom you see just by.” “ I beg  
“ your pardon for my blunder,” re-  
plied I, “ but if you have lost your  
“ children, do not let it afflict you  
“ too much; it is a loss your lady,  
“ who is still young, can easily repair.”  
“ Children, fir!” said he, “ I never  
“ had any in my life.” “ Oh!” said  
I, “ I see what is the matter, your  
“ crop of sugar is destroyed, and your  
“ house blown down.—“ Oh! no,  
“ no, no,” answered he, “ that house  
“ yonder

“yonder is mine. Oh, oh, oh! I  
 “left it last night, for fear it should  
 “fall; but I see that it is safe, and  
 “my crop of sugar is all housed.”  
 “For G—d’s sake, what is the matter  
 “then?” “Oh, oh, oh!” said he,  
 sobbing still louder, “Oh, oh, oh!  
 “I have lost twenty negroes, and six  
 “of them, oh, oh, oh!”—here his  
 tears interrupted his voice—“Oh,  
 “oh, oh! six of them were she’s, oh,  
 “oh, oh! and big with young, oh,  
 “oh! I would not have sold them for  
 “fifty *jos* a-piece.”

A few hours after day-break, the  
 wind became moderate, and naked as  
 we were, we determined to leave the  
 ravine, to inquire after our respective  
 friends. I directed my steps towards  
 the house of my acquaintance the  
 H planter,



planter, which I was overjoyed to find standing. He had left it in the night, as well as myself, but was just returned, and had the kindness to supply the loss of my shirt. From the plantation we went to Bridgetown, which was no more than a heap of ruins. An infinite number of its inhabitants were carried off by various accidents, and a few days after the following list of the victims of the hurricane appeared at Bridgetown:

Men, women, and children,  
buried beneath the ruins of

buildings - - - 527

Drowned - - - 134

Total 661

Loss

Loss of black cattle.

Oxen lost by different casual-

ties - - - - 745

Which, with 4273 head of

negroes, - - - 4273

Makes the amount 5018

## C H A P. XV.

*Jonathan returns to New-York, where he is appointed purser of an armed brigantine. Meets at sea with the Picaroon American privateer. The captain of Jonathan's brig obliged to strike, the commander of the Picaroon being one of the most obstinate fellows upon record.*

**L**UCKY was it for me that I had a friend in the kind planter who had been formerly my fellow prisoner. My ship was blown to sea, and was  
never



never afterwards heard of. During four months that I waited in hopes of its return, he insisted on my staying at his house. At the expiration of that time, I took a passage in a merchant ship to New-York, where I was received with open arms by the whole family of the Corncocks, Mrs. Donewell, and Dinah, who had all supposed me lost in the hurricane. Very soon after, I was appointed purser of an armed brig in the service of government. Our commander was Capt. Quid, who was reputed a very brave officer, and whose conversation soon convinced me that he merited his reputation. Our brig mounted fourteen guns, and, during the time it was fitting out, lay along-side a polacre in government service, that mounted sixteen. "That's  
 "a fine little ship," said I, one morn-

ing, to Captain Quid. "Pooh!" said Captain Quid, "I wish I had nothing else to do than to take such a one every day before breakfast." A few days after we sailed on a cruise, and, after having been a week at sea, fell in with a sail, to which we gave chase. Every body on board was overjoyed. "Let me see," said the lieutenant, "a French West-Indiaman cannot be well worth less than sixteen thousand pounds. The master and I have an eighth between us: that makes my share a neat thousand; a pretty good beginning this, though to be sure it is a pity we commission officers should not have a better share." As we approached the ship of which we were in chase, and which likewise directed its course for us, I observed our captain walk very hastily up

up and down the deck, taking a look with his glass at every turn. At last he called the master, "Master," said he, "it is a very large ship that, see what you make of her." "O Lord!" said the master, "what an ugly row of teeth she has!" "How many guns do you count?" said Captain Quid.—"She carries sixteen, at least, Sir," answered the master. "All hands about ship!" cried the captain. Up came the lieutenant, the gunner, the boatswain, two boatswain's mates, three quarter-masters, and four midshipmen: all began to give directions.—Since the death of Stentor and Whitfield, never was such bawling heard. I was so stunned by the speaking trumpets that I am a little deaf of the right ear to this day. However, all our exertions were vain; the



ship outfailed us, and was soon alongside. "*What ship's that?*" cried out the captain of the strange sail. Captain Quid put the speaking trumpet to his mouth, and answered "*Boo-o-o.*"—" "*What ship's that?*" said he, in his turn.—"*Boo-o-o-o,*" said the other. This conversation was repeated, by way of question and answer, for a quarter of an hour, when Captain Quid observed that he never had met with so obstinate a fellow; "but to be sure," said he, "as he has sixteen guns, and we only fourteen, I must answer him. *The Despair brig,*" said our captain. "*Hoist out your boat,*" said the other.—Captain Quid put the speaking trumpet again to his mouth, and called out "*hoist out your boat.*"—The captain of the other ship repeated the request; Captain Quid

Quid did the same, and I thought they would never have been tired of saying the same thing; till at last the other commander called out, "*hoist out your boat, or d—n you, I'll sink you.*" "I have been at sea forty years, man and boy," said Captain Quid, "and never met with so obstinate a fellow; but as he has sixteen guns, and we only fourteen, hoist out the boat."

The lieutenant went on board the strange ship, the captain of which, as soon as he had the boat's crew in his possession, called out, "*strike to the Picaroon American privateer.*" Our captain asked the officers what was to be done. "Master," said he, "that ship outsails us." "Yes, Sir,"—"We cannot get off then," said Captain Quid. "Gunner," continued he, "there is so much sea, that if

“you were to fire, you could not hit the enemy.” “No, Sir,” said the gunner, “not very well, and I do not believe that he could hit us.” “It is clear then,” said Captain Quid, “that as he has sixteen guns, and we only fourteen, we have nothing to do but to strike,—hey! don’t you think so?” Before the officers could answer, a voice called out from the other ship, “*Be brisk in hauling down your colours, or I’ll send you to d—n—t—n.*” “O Lord! what an obstinate fellow!” said our captain: “quarter-master, haul down the colours.”

When we came on board the *Picaroön*, we found every body highly pleased at the complaisance of our captain. I thought myself it was a  
pity



pity he had not been more obstinate, especially when the pilot of the privateer told me, that they only waited for our firing, to strike, having no intention of fighting a king's ship, which from its superior discipline must have had the best in an engagement. "That may be true," said I; "but unfortunately you had sixteen guns, and we only fourteen, and your captain is a terrible obstinate fellow."

I was then introduced to the purser of the *Picaroon*, who, as his brother officer, gave me a very civil reception, and begged a sight of the little baggage I had brought on board. "Your bedding," said he, ordering a sailor to take it up, "is considerable nice bedding, and according to the *rudiments* of the navy, I guess it belongs to me.

“Your clothes and linen are in that trunk, I suppose?” “Yes,” said I.—“How many shirts are there?”—“Two dozen.” “I swear now,” said he, “that’s grand;” making a sign to his boy to carry the trunk into his cabin; “but,” added he, “if you should tarry ten or twelve days on board, before we get into port, and should want a change of linen, I’ll lend you a shirt with all my soul, for I swear now I am always glad when I can assist a brother officer in distress.”

We were all carried into Boston harbour, and put on board the King’s Town prison-ship, where I was much afraid of being known; but as I was grown taller, and wore my own hair, nobody I met with, while prisoner, recol-

recollected me. The captain, the other officers, and myself were ushered into the great cabin. We found this apartment worthy of its name, being by exact admeasurement 9 feet, 10  $\frac{3}{4}$  inches long, and 8  $\frac{1}{2}$  feet broad. Our number, when added to that of the people already in it, amounted to twenty-two; we were consequently not much at our ease, and when bedtime came, were much embarrassed to find room to dispose of our persons. After a great deal of bustle and dispute, I found a spare plank, on which I stretched myself, and no sooner was my head on the pillow, as the saying is, than I fell fast asleep. I was soon after waked by a dozen voices, that made a most confounded noise in calling out for silence. When silence was obtained, one of them, addressing the



the captain of a West-Indiaman, desired him to say prayers : " With all my heart," said the other, and executed his pious office in these words : " O L—d our father, which art in heaven, of thy infinite goodness and mercy, look down, and d—n, c—se, bl—st, blow, burn, blind, sink, and utterly destroy the thirteen united states of America." All the auditory said *amen* ! with great fervour, and we composed ourselves to rest. However, spite of our prayers, we did not pass a quiet night. About the middle of it, we were alarmed by a hoarse roaring, interrupted by efforts like those of a man choaking. Over our heads was a guard of sixteen militia men, who had, either by accident or design, overset a certain utensil, which must have been very capacious, for

for its contents came pouring through the seams in the deck, in large streams. Capt. Quid always slept on his back, and with his mouth open, which at this moment was exactly under one of the largest cracks in the deck, consequently one of the largest currents flowed directly into it, and occasioned the vociferation and sputtering that waked us. The rest of us soon had our shares of this favourable jest, and the indignation became general. "By the L—d," said Captain Quid, "if any body will join me, we will go up and throw the rascally guard overboard." Immediately twelve others and myself jumped up, and armed ourselves with billets of wood, furnished us for the purpose of dressing our victuals. The other eight were so fast asleep, that all the means we made use

use of to wake them, were ineffectual; although several of them had spoken just before we proposed throwing the guard overboard. As soon as we were all ready, I begged Captain Quid to put himself at our head; "but Sir," said I, "they are sixteen to fourteen." "Very true," answered he, "I never thought of that, and I am of opinion, that we had better go to bed again; but, gentlemen, you may take my word for it, that things shall not go on in this manner; I'll take care of that: for as I am a man and an officer, I'll—I'll talk to the guard, and beg them not to overset their chamber-pot again, for I would as soon be p-fsed upon, as be treated in this way."

C H A P.



## C H A P. XVI.

*Jonathan's sad reflections in gaol: meets  
with an alarm, which terminates agree-  
ably.*

**T**HE following day the deputy of  
the deputy commissary of pri-  
soners brought on board our provisions,  
which consisted of a little bad rice,  
and damaged salt beef, that had been  
condemned as good for nothing but to  
be given to prisoners. As it smelt  
very strong, I could not help turning  
up

up my nose. The deputy of the deputy commissary of prisoners thought I turned up my nose at him, and as he was a person of importance, being cobbler by profession, and major in degree, he ordered the guard to carry me to the gaol at Boston. The gaoler gave me a very civil reception, and, with two of his attendants, conducted me to my apartment, where I observed a long iron bar, fastened down to the floor. The gaoler said he was under the necessity of searching me; but begged me to excuse him. He found my purse in my pocket; put it in his own, and assured me that I should want for nothing where I was, the state allowing me a pound of bread per day, and as much water as I chose to drink. "Your shoe-buckles," said he, taking them out of my shoes, "would

"would make your feet uneasy in  
"these rings:" he then locked my  
feet in two rings, that were rivetted  
to the bar of iron. "Your wrists,"  
added he, "would be apt to gall if  
"you kept your sleeve-buttons in your  
"shirt:" he therefore took them out,  
confined my hands in two more rings,  
that like the former were rivetted to  
the bar of iron, and took leave, desir-  
ing me to amuse myself in any way I  
thought proper. As my hands and  
feet were so close together, my nose  
consequently was not far from my  
knees; a kind of posture that is not  
very easy. At the end of eight and  
forty hours, I was not at all reconciled  
to my situation. I fell insensibly into  
a train of dreary ideas, and taking a  
review of all that had happened to me  
in two years, I could not help think-  
ing



ing myself the most disastrous wight in existence. Obliged to fly my country for the first little mistake I ever made in bundling ; flogged by the first captain of the navy I ever saw ; and p-xed by the first woman I ever intended to make my wife : surely, said I, no man was ever so ill-treated by his evil genius as I am. I have since been beat at Barbadoes ; almost choaked with the reed end of a clarinet ; blown naked out of bed in a hurricane ; p-ssed upon by the guard of a prison-ship ; and to crown all, here I am with my legs and wings pinned down like a trussed pullet's. However, courage, friend Jonathan ! the kind hand of Providence will, no doubt, as usual, take you out of this scrape,——to help you into another. In this state of resignation, and with  
my

my chin between my knees, I fell asleep. Towards midnight, as near as I can guess, I felt my elbow jogged, and waking suddenly in a fright, cried out as is customary in all such cases, murder! thieves!—"Jonathan!" said a voice that seemed close to my ear. My fright redoubled; but conceiving it to be a spirit, I exclaimed "*In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy G—st, what art thou?*" "Make no noise," said the voice, "I am in the next room." I began to take courage when I heard that, and called out with great firmness; "*In the Devil's name who are you?*" "Wait a little," answered the voice, "and you shall know." During two or three hours after I heard a continual scraping and scratching against the side of the wall. At last three or four bricks  
fell

fell into the room, and I felt a soft, warm feminine face in contact with my own. "Kiss me, Jonathan," said the person. "The order is not disagreeable," said I; and I directly did as I was desired. A peculiar softness in the mouth, and a peculiar energy in the lady's manner of kissing, brought my own country, I could not tell why, to my remembrance; which, by the same unaccountable concatenation of ideas, called back to my recollection a farm house, adjacent to my father's; the idea of the farm-house was attended by that of a bed; and that of the bed made me think of my dear Desire Slawbunk.—It was herself, and I leave the reader to judge of our kind congratulations, and sad condolences. When they were over, I asked her by what accident she was



my neighbour in the prison. Desire, with great prudence, begged me to suspend my curiosity, and drawing back her head, continued to work at the wall till she had made an opening large enough to admit her body to pass. She then came into my apartment, and as it was already day-break, she hid the bricks and mortar in the chimney, and covered the vacancy they had left with a chair, that it might escape the observation of the gaoler.

CHAP.

my neighbour in the prison. Desire, with great prudence, begged me to suspend my curiosity and drawing back her head, continued to work at the wheel. **C H A P. XVII.**

*Mrs. Seeclear's narrative.—Jonathan in a great danger experiences the efficacy of prayers.*

**A**S soon as this was arranged, Desire seated herself by me on the floor, and began thus. “ You remember that you left me three months ago at Mrs. Donewell’s, at New-York. A few days after my poor dear husband, captain Seeclear, was surprised by the rebels on an  
“ out-

"out-post." Here the tears bedewed  
 Mrs. Seeclear's cheeks. When she had  
 cried three minutes, the space of time  
 decency directs a widow to weep, on  
 mentioning her husband in the three  
 first months of her widowhood, she  
 smiled kindly on me and continued.  
 "I was unfortunately with him, and  
 "we were carried off prisoners toge-  
 "ther. An Irishman, who had de-  
 "serted from Rawdon's legion, was  
 "appointed to guard my husband and  
 "myself. My charms, which from  
 "that moment I have detested, made  
 "an impression on him, and he in-  
 "sisted on violating my honour in the  
 "presence of my husband. Captain  
 "Seeclear, in his polite manner, which  
 "you may remember, smiled, bit his  
 "lips, represented in civil terms to  
 "the Irishman the brutality of his  
 I "inten-



“intention, and finished by observing  
“that it was unworthy of a soldier  
“to injure the wife of an officer who  
“had seen service, and at whom a  
“bushel of musket balls had been  
“fired. The Irishman immediately  
“seized his musket : ‘ By Jafus, said  
‘ he, perhaps they did not give you  
‘ good measure, so there is another to  
‘ make it up;’ and at the same instant  
“shot the poor captain in the neck.  
“He was immediately taken with a  
“rattling in his throat, and expired a  
“few moments after, Desire being the  
“only word he was able to pronounce.”

Here Mrs. Seeclear’s tears began to flow again, but after three minutes she composed her countenance and went on.—“I was so intimidated by  
“what I saw, that I no longer op-  
“posed any resistance to the inten-

" tions of the Irishman, who tri-  
 " umphed over my virtue. You, my  
 " dear Jonathan, may easily imagine  
 " what my feelings must have been  
 " on such an occasion." "It is not at  
 " all difficult to divine what they  
 " were, madam," answered I a little  
 angrily; " but pray go on."—"He  
 " afterwards proposed to me to live  
 " with him; I did not know how to  
 " refuse, besides, the greatest mischief  
 " was already done. A fortnight after  
 " a part of his regiment was defeated  
 " by a few British troops: my Irish-  
 " man might, in all probability, have  
 " escaped, if he had not unfortu-  
 " nately been taken prisoner by a  
 " dragoon's horse."—"How the de-  
 " vil!" said I, interrupting her, "ta-  
 " ken prisoner by a dragoon's horse?  
 " you must certainly mean by a dra-  
 I 2 " goon."

“goon.” “I know very well what  
“I say, sir,” answered she; “he was  
“seized by the shoulder and made  
“prisoner by a dragoon’s horse that  
“had lost its rider. I had my infor-  
“mation from a person on whose ve-  
“racity I can depend.” “Oh !,” said  
I, “that alters the case; I beg your  
“pardon, my dear Desire; but pray  
“proceed.”—“Where did I leave  
“off?” said she. “At your friend’s  
“being taken prisoner by a dragoon’s  
“horse”. “True,” continued Desire,  
“and immediately after he was hung  
“as a deserter. Though he beat me  
“regularly once a day, there was  
“something so affectionate in his man-  
“ner of making peace at night, that  
“I could not help regretting his loss.  
“I afterwards fell into the hands of  
“a Hessian corporal, who was likewise  
“a deser-



" a deserter. This gentleman put a  
 " basket on my back, filled it with  
 " potatoes, cabbages, plunder, and a  
 " camp kettle, and made me march  
 " till I fainted with fatigue, while he  
 " walked by my side with all the ma-  
 " jesty possible, his pipe in his mouth,  
 " and his cane hanging upon one of  
 " his coat buttons. I was soon tired  
 " of being a Hessian's *bât* horse, and  
 " made my escape one night when  
 " there was an alarm in the camp,  
 " and when one half of the army  
 " was running away without their  
 " breeches, and the other half putting  
 " them on. I was scarcely at the  
 " distance of four miles from the Ame-  
 " rican army when I met with a party  
 " of British sailors, who had landed  
 " with the intention of carrying off a  
 " few sheep and a little hay. They

“ had been unsuccessful in their  
“ schemes of plunder, but the lieu-  
“ tenant, who commanded them, and  
“ who had a wife and daughter at  
“ Saltash, was determined that his  
“ expedition should not be fruitless,  
“ and plundered me of my cap and  
“ black silk hat and cloak. A few  
“ days after I reached Boston, where  
“ I found a cousin of my poor dear  
“ husband, prisoner in the apartment  
“ I now inhabit. As he made his  
“ escape from gaol a few days after,  
“ I was suspected of having facilitated  
“ his evasion, and was ordered by the  
“ president of the council, Mr. Powell,  
“ to be tarred and feathered, as an  
“ enemy of the state. I was stripped  
“ naked, tarred, rolled in a great  
“ quantity of turkey’s feathers, and  
“ had made about half the circuit of  
“ Boston,

“ Boston, when a butcher’s dog mis-  
 “ taking me for a bear, seized me,  
 “ and tore away half my right breast.  
 “ The butcher, who was a charitable  
 “ man, by way of making me amends,  
 “ took me to his house, and expended  
 “ a hundred weight of hog’s lard in  
 “ freeing me from the tar, which,  
 “ however, I did not get rid of with-  
 “ out the loss of a great part of my  
 “ skin. I was not yet cured of my  
 “ wound and excoriations, when the  
 “ act of retaliation took place, and I  
 “ was sentenced, in consequence of  
 “ it, to inhabit the apartment from  
 “ which it was supposed I had helped  
 “ to deliver my relation. Before I  
 “ had got a new skin on my face the  
 “ gaoler was very brutal; but since  
 “ I have begun to recover my good  
 “ looks, his behaviour is totally al-  
 “ tered,



“tered, and he treats me with great  
“attention and kindness. It was from  
“him I heard that Mr. Corncob,  
“purser of the Despair brig, was in  
“prison. As soon as I had this infor-  
“mation I employed an old sharp-  
“pointed poker to make a hole in  
“the wall, and it was this poker that  
“jogged your elbow, and caused your  
“alarm on your first waking from  
“your sleep.”

Scarcely had Desire finished her narrative, when we were alarmed by the creaking of bolts and hinges: she instantly darted through the hole in the wall, and drew the chair against it in such a way as to conceal it perfectly. An instant after my door was opened, and the gaoler and the deputy of the deputy commissary of prisoners

prisoners made their appearance, attended by a little wounded American officer, hopping on crutches. "Gentlemen," said I, "you'll excuse my rising." "Oh! don't mention it," answered the commissary; "I am always attentive to the prisoners under my care, and as I do not suppose you are perfectly at your ease, I am come to propose to you to ask my pardon in the presence of this officer; on this condition I will permit you to return to the prison ship." I told the deputy of the deputy commissary of prisoners, that, as I was conscious of no fault, I could not possibly think of asking pardon. "Very well," said he, "I *snore*, then, I'll leave you there to rot:" and was going away, when the gaoler interposed, and observed, that if my offence was not

very great, he thought I had been sufficiently punished.—“A pretty impertinent fellow of a gaoler!” said the wounded officer.—The gaoler answered so insolently to this exclamation, that the wounded officer, seizing his left crutch in his right hand, applied it to the most prominent part of the gaoler’s face. The gaoler, finding his nose bleed, hesitated a moment to consider what was to be done, stepped back two paces, and with as much coolness as ever I saw in a man in my life, drew his——handkerchief out of his pocket, and wiped the blood off his face; then, supposing himself at a pretty safe distance from the crutch, he began to renew his invectives. “A fine feat you’ve done,” said he, “to be sure—you have broke the nose of a father of a family, but, you little  
“puppy,



“puppy, lay down your crutch, and  
 “I have a boy of twelve years old,  
 “who shall put you on his knee and  
 “flog you.” This sarcasm on his size  
 wound up the passion of the mutilated  
 hero to such a height, that, hop-  
 ping on one crutch, he pursued my  
 very good friend the gaoler with the  
 other. The gaoler very prudently  
 dodged round me, and avoided the  
 crutch with great dexterity, but alas!  
 I was not so fortunate, all the blows  
 meant for him fell on my head, for  
 pinned down as I was, I could neither  
 escape nor parry them, and I considered  
 my last hour as present. I could not at  
 all digest the idea of being killed by such  
 an old woman’s weapon as a crutch, so,  
 as an only resource, I determined to  
 say my prayers, and began with the  
 litany. The little wounded officer,

frustrated in his hopes of vengeance, hopped after the gaoler with greater speed than ever: the gaoler skipped round me with proportionable activity; the blows redoubled on my head, and I hurried on through the litany with all possible dispatch. I was just come to the part, "from battle, murder, and sudden death, good Lord deliver us," when my prayers were heard, and I was preserved for fresh misfortunes. Desire having been employed all night in making the hole in the wall, on her retreat to her own room had begun to undress, with the intention of going to bed; but judging from the blows she heard, and from my muttering my prayers, that somebody was murdering me at least, her concern for me was more powerful than her fears or her modesty, and she

she rushed naked through the opening in the partition, overturning in her way the commissary, who was seated in the chair that masked the wall, and who had, with great tranquillity, been a spectator of the affray. Desire, naked as she was, fell over the commissary, and, by way of breaking her fall, caught the gaoler by the leg, and pulled him down upon her. The little officer, unable to stop himself, fixed his crutch on the back—de of his enemy, but having awkwardly applied it to the convexity instead of the concavity, it slipped, he fell upon the gaoler, and when down, like Witherington on his stumps at Chevy chase, distributed his blows with great courage and effect. Desire was the first who disengaged herself, and when on her legs, both tails of her shift being



being torn off, attracted the intention of the combatants, who, lying on their backs, were struck with wonder at this apparition, and suspended all hostilities. The commissary profited by the opportunity to make peace between the gaoler and lame soldier, and as I had suffered considerably in the action, I was included in the amnesty. The gaoler unlocked my legs and arms, and proposed to give us all a breakfast. While it was preparing, Desire stepped into her own room to dress, and I related our meeting of the night before.

After breakfast, the commissary ordered the gaoler to allow me all the indulgence possible, and said, he hoped soon to bring me news of my exchange. He then took leave, and retired

retired with his friend, leaving me to console myself in the embraces of my chaste Desire. Profiting by the privileges of an old acquaintance, I passed the nights regularly in her room, till one day she desired me to stay in my own; I asked her why; she said she had reasons to desire my absence; and, as I did not wish to scrutinize feminine mysteries, I no longer insisted. In the evening I heard the gaoler come into the room, at a later hour than usual, and from the whispers and murmuring I overheard, I could not help suspecting an intelligence between them, which was sufficient to make a jealous man uneasy. About an hour after I heard the door of Desire's room open suddenly, and was not long in doubt as to the person who made the visit. "O the nasty rogue!

*rogue! O the nasty bussey!*" cried out a shrill female voice; "I vow I'll tear her eyes out." The gaoler's wife, in all probability, attempted to execute her threats, for a scuffle ensued, in which the candle was put out. The gaoler's wife, who had got up naked to seek her husband, being sure that her vengeance would fall either on her faithless spouse, or on her rival, continued to lay about her manfully in the dark, and scratched and kicked Desire most ruefully, roaring out constantly, "*O the nasty bussey! O the good for nothing rogue!*" Though I had some reason to complain of Desire, I was not sorry to have an opportunity of returning the good office she had done me a few days before, so *poking* my way through the hole in the wall, I hastened to her assistance. As my object was  
to



to separate the two female combatants, I was obliged, however painful it was to my modesty, to ascertain their sex. The gaoler's wife, either tired or satisfied with her revenge, took the same method to find out her husband, and not knowing that there was another man in the apartment, mistook me for him. "Come along with me, you good for nothing fellow," said she, still keeping her hold, and drawing me towards the door. I suffered her to lead me along; she turned the key on Desire and her husband, and we went down stairs in the same manner to her room, where a light convinced her of her mistake.....

.....*Hiatus*.....

....."Oh!" said the gaoler's wife, sighing, "how sweet is revenge! but we have been here an hour, and

“and I must go and separate that  
“naughty hussy and my good for no-  
“thing husband. Only think, Mr.  
“Corncob, what a misfortune for an  
“honest woman to be married to such  
“a naughty fellow.” We found Desire  
and the gaoler both dressed, in ex-  
pectation of the visit of this poor in-  
jured woman, who began anew to  
scold her husband, calling him a hun-  
dred times over a naughty fellow. How-  
ever, as soon as the gaoler found an  
opportunity of interrupting her, “Ma-  
“dam,” said he, “you are pleased to  
“be very severe on me, but I should  
“be glad to know what you have been  
“doing for this hour past with Mr.  
“Corncob.”—“What I have been do-  
“ing, you good for nothing wretch!”  
said the gaoler’s wife, crying; “Mr.  
“Corncob knows that I was so af-  
fected

“ fected at seeing I had brought another man into my chamber, that I fell into fits, from which I am but just recovered. Is it not true, Mr. Corncob ?” “ Fits !” said I, “ I can safely say, madam, that I never saw stronger convulsions in my life.”

As a man must have been an infidel indeed not to have been satisfied with the testimony of his own wife, the gaoler begged his spouse's pardon. She, poor woman, consented to be appeased, and the gaoler, the gaoler's wife, my dear Desire, and myself passed the rest of the night, if not more pleasantly, at least more quietly than we had done the preceding part.

CHAP.



## C H A P. XVIII.

*Jonathan embarks on board a cartel-ship bound to New-York.—The gallant behaviour of Captain Quid, in the battle—he would have fought with the Pica-roon, but for untoward circumstances.—Proceedings of a naval court-martial.*

**M**Y delivery from prison, and my embarkation on board an armed transport, which was arrived as a cartel-ship from New-York, and was destined

tined to carry the prisoners at Boston to that place, were attended by no remarkable circumstance, and I beg the reader will consider me as at sea in a gale of wind, or, as most historians call it, a storm or tempest. As I do not write by the sheet, I will not employ half a dozen pages in a description of it, for a tempest has been so often described, that it is now very generally understood, that in a tempest the wind blows hard; that the wind occasions the sea to rise; that the sea tosses the vessel about; that the motion of the vessel makes many people sea-sick, and that those who are sea-sick spew. I came upon deck for that purpose, and pleased at finding my stomach somewhat easier, and inattentive to the noisy operations of the seamen, was walking whistling up  
and

and down the quarter-deck, when three sailors took me up in their arms, and were going to throw me overboard. "For G—d's sake, gentlemen," said I, "you would not in such cold blowing weather throw a man overboard so subject to the rheumatism as I am. It is not a fortnight since I had a touch of it in my shoulder." "D—n—t—n to you," said one of them, "you lubberly rascal, why are you whistling for wind then, when we cannot show a rag to the gale? does not it blow hard enough without your giving us your d—d cheek music, to bring on a squall, and be d—d to you?" I gave them my word that I never would whistle again when the wind blew, but, that to make them amends, I would whistle

tle



tle myself out of breath whenever  
 they might happen to be in want of  
 wind in a calm.—“ Ah! d—mme,”  
 said one of them, “ that’s sensible  
 “ talking.” And on this condition  
 they consented not to throw me over-  
 board. The wind increased, a fog  
 came on, we lost our foremast and  
 bowsprit, and the captain of the trans-  
 port, obliged to abandon the conduct  
 of his vessel to the elements, was  
 passing the night over a bottle of  
 brandy, in company with Captain  
 Quid, who was giving him an ac-  
 count of the gallant battle he would  
 have fought with the Picaroon pri-  
 vateer, but for the difference in the  
 weight of metal and the roughness  
 of the sea.—“ I would have laid him  
 “ athwart haufe,” said he, “ and raked  
 “ him fore and aft till he had p—ssed  
 “ himself

“himself—Oh! you may take my  
“word for it, I would have done his  
“business for him tightly, for from  
“a boy, I never knew what it was to  
“be afraid, and at ten years old I  
“used to beat my three sisters, who  
“were all older than myself—For  
“sweet J—fus’ sake, what is the mat-  
“ter upon deck?”—“The mizzen-  
“mast is gone by the board.”—Captain  
Quid’s teeth began to chatter.—“O  
“Lord,” said he, “I believe I have  
“caught an ague in this blowing  
“weather—pray give us another bot-  
“tle of brandy; we have drunk but  
“three between two.”—“The mizzen-  
“mast is nothing” said the captain of  
the transport; “my little Nancy is  
“as light as a cork, and her bottom  
“is as tight as a bottle.”—“I am glad  
“to hear it,” said Captain Quid; “so,  
“as

“ as I was telling you, after raking  
 “ him fore and aft, I would have  
 “ stuck my pistols and cutlafs in my  
 “ belt, and boarded him, and, if the  
 “ rebels had not taken off their hats  
 “ to the captain of a man of war, I  
 “ would not have left one of their  
 “ heads upon their shoulders, for I  
 “ assure you I am a very pretty player  
 “ of the back-stick—In the name of  
 “ G—d, what is all that noise ?” “ The  
 “ main-mast is gone over the side,”  
 said a voice upon deck.—“ O dear !  
 “ O L—d ! O dear !” said Captain  
 Quid, beginning to cry, “ I have got  
 “ my old complaint the gripes ; O  
 “ dear ! O dear ! I never had such  
 “ gripes in my life—ouh ! ouh ! where  
 “ is your close-stool ?—ouh ! ouh !  
 “ a-a-a-h, it is too late—” I thought  
 it high time to leave Captain Quid

K

and



and go to bed, though I had little hope of being able to sleep. However, the rolling of the vessel, which for a long time kept slumber at a distance, had at length a contrary effect, the fatigue it occasioned laying me in the arms of the kind god Morpheus. How long I had enjoyed the blessing of sleep I know not, when a violent shock put an end to my tranquillity. I started up, rubbed my eyes, and when I was well awake, smelling somebody by my bedside, I asked what was the matter. "O dear! O L—d!" said Captain Quid, "the ship's aground." "So much the better," answered I; "I can assure you I was tired of being at sea." "But," said he, sobbing, "we are on St. George's Bank, and O dear! O dear! the ship will certainly go to pieces. I wish I had  
" been

“ been killed when the Picaroon took  
 “ us, for I am not afraid of any death  
 “ but drowning.—O dear ! O dear !  
 “ get up and pray, Mr. Corncob, for  
 “ G—d’s sake.” As I began to think  
 the danger serious, I got up and fol-  
 lowed him to the captain’s cabin,  
 where, as well as in every other part  
 of the ship, every body was at prayers.  
 For my part, I took up the *litany*, at  
 the place where I had left off in the  
 crutch business at the prison. Captain  
 Quid, sobbing between every word,  
 knelt down by my side, and repeated  
 part of the marriage ceremony ; while  
 the captain’s clerk, who had been accus-  
 tomed to perform the office of chaplain  
 at sea funerals, recited all he knew of  
 the service for the burial of the dead.  
 But nobody prayed so loud as a com-  
 mon sailor, who, during the whole  
 K 2 night,

night, roared out with great fervency,  
 "L—d have mercy upon us ! Ch—st  
 "have mercy upon us !" At the  
 dawn of day, another sailor came  
 running down from deck, and address-  
 ing this pious christian, asked him  
 whether he would lend a hand to  
 break open the spirit-room. The only  
 answer he obtained was, Christ have  
 mercy upon us, Lord have mercy  
 upon us. "Why, d—n your e—s,  
 "you snivelling fool," said the other,  
 "we are not on St. George's Bank ;  
 "the land is so near that you might  
 "heave a biscuit on shore." "Is it,  
 "by G—?" said he that was praying;  
 "if that's the case, Jack, I'll lend  
 "you a hand, with all my heart. A  
 "drop of brandy will do me a great  
 "deal of good, for this d—n'd pray-  
 "ing has made my throat as dry as a  
 "chafing-



“chafing-mat.” The news the sailer had brought proved true. We were aground at no very considerable distance from Rhode Island. The wind diminished gradually till it became possible to venture ashore in the boats. However, while rowing to land, we were not only in danger of perishing from the roughness of the sea, but from the unquiet disposition of Captain Quid, who as often as he saw a large wave coming on one side of the boat, jumped over to the other, pretending that he was afraid of the salt water’s spoiling his uniform coat. We at last prevailed on him to shut his eyes, and all got safe to the beach, except twenty-two sailors, who were of the party that broke open the spirit-room, and who, being too *tipsy* to get out of the ship, were drowned when she went to pieces a few hours after.

The Americans taking our situation into consideration, determined at first to consider us as prisoners, and to insist on our being exchanged a second time ; but as Charles-Town had been lately taken, and a great number of their men were in the hands of the British troops, they thought it was the best policy on this occasion to behave with justice, and to send us round to New-York. As soon as we arrived, an order was given to try our captain and the ship's company by a court-martial, for the loss of the ship. We repaired, in consequence, on board a fifty-gun ship, where the court was assembled. Captain Quid finding himself taken into custody by the master at arms, who had a great naked cut-las in his hand, had an attack of the gripes, which delayed the trial for

some time : however, about half a bottle of brandy having put his stomach to rights, our lieutenant and master were called and examined. They severally deposed that the Picaroon outfailed our ship, and was of superior force, and said, that they thought they acted *prudently* in striking. The gunner was then asked, whether the captain had neglected any thing to save the ship. "Gentlemen," said he, "I can safely say that the captain did all he could to get away, for I never saw a man brisker in making sail ; but I do not know that there was any necessity for striking." "How so?" said the captain of the fifty-gun ship ; "did not the Picaroon outfail you?" "Yes, to be sure, Sir," answered the gunner. "And pray," rejoined the



captain, “ was not the Picaroon of  
“ superior force ?” “ She carried fix-  
“ teen guns,” answered the gunner.—  
“ And we had only fourteen, gentlemen,”  
said Captain Quid. “ Pray, gunner,”  
continued the member of the court-  
martial, “ did not the sea run so high  
“ that your firing would have been of  
“ very little use ?” “ It is true,” said  
the gunner, “ that we should have  
“ had little chance of hitting the  
“ Picaroon ; but as I do not suppose  
“ the Picaroon would have found it  
“ easier to hit us, in my opinion,  
“ there was no occasion for striking.”  
“ Hold your tongue, firrah !” cried  
half a dozen captains together ; “ how  
“ dare you to give your opinion ? do  
“ you think seven captains of the  
“ navy have occasion for your opi-  
“ nion ? You are only desired to say  
“ whether

“whether the captain neglected any  
 “thing to save the ship?” “Gentle-  
 “men,” answered the gunner, “all  
 “I can say is, that Captain Quid  
 “made sail like a lamp-lighter.” The  
 president having ordered the master  
 at arms to take the gunner into custo-  
 dy, asked me if I thought the captain  
 did right in striking: “Certainly,  
 “Sir,” said I, “for I was once in a  
 “privateer, the captain of which,  
 “being foolish enough not to strike  
 “when he was desired, had his head  
 “taken off, an hour and a half after,  
 “by a nine-pound shot.” The presi-  
 dent then observed to the court, that  
 it was impossible in his opinion for  
 Captain Quid to do otherwise than he  
 had done. “You know, gentle-  
 “men,” said he, “that there is  
 “an article which positively forbids

“a wasteful expence of the king’s  
“stores and provisions. Now, gen-  
“tlemen, as the ship rolled so deep, if  
“Captain Quid had fired at the Pica-  
“roon, he would evidently have  
“wasted powder and shot, and would  
“have been liable to have been broke  
“by a court-martial. It therefore  
“appears to me impossible to censure  
“him for doing otherwise.” He  
then ordered the court to be clear-  
ed : the opinions were taken, and the  
audience was again called in, when  
the president declared that Captain  
Quid was acquitted, and that the  
gunner was sentenced to be confined  
for three months, and to be suspended  
from pay and duty during that term,  
as a punishment for his disrespect to  
the court. Captain Quid burst into  
tears. “Thank’e, gentlemen, thank’e,  
said



faid he, "I knew I had nothing to  
" fear from gentlemen like you, and  
" *brother officers.*"

## C H A P. XIX. and last.

*In which it is proved, to the satisfaction of  
the most captious, that the most advan-  
tageous kind of study is novel reading.*

SOME of my readers, whom the hope of information has led to accompany me thus far in my *strange, eventful* history, doubting the authenticity of my adventures, may perhaps consider their time as ill-spent; but I caution them against determining hastily, as to the truth or fiction of the occurrences

currences I relate. At the first blush, the speaking of Æsop's asses, and of the steed of Balaam, staggered my faith; but when I began to look about the world with eyes of observation, I saw many living instances that justified the grave historians in whom these facts are found. Let me then advise thee, O scrupulous reader, to remember the often-cited words of the poet, *ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?* and to believe that there is no style in which truth may not be conveyed; nor any language, however doctoral, that may not be the vehicle of error. I appeal to thyself. Hast thou never studied a learned author, who, treating of the sciences, vaunts in the first page, his strict attention to truth, and the infallibility of his observations? or some sage historian, who declares in  
his



his preface, that his only guide shall be impartiality? or some dogmatizing theologian, who knows as well the intentions and dispensations of the Divinity, as if he wrote in the council chamber of the seventh heaven? If so, I am full sure thou wilt confess, that thou hast sometimes, by intense coction of ideas, muddled thy poor weak head to comprehend hard words, and to store thy mental magazine with systems, facts, and articles of faith, which thou hast deemed indisputable truths, no longer than till thou hast met with some other authors, who, discussing the same subjects, have proved to thee, by argumentation equally painful, that thy revered oracles were inspired by lying gods. I have not been less unlucky. Towards the end of the last war, tired of seeing in the  
English

English papers accounts of victories obtained by Sir Edward Hughes, over the Bailli de Suffrein, and in the French gazettes relations of battles, in which, at the self-same time, the Bailli de Suffrein had beat Sir Edward Hughes, I resolved to confine my reading to books not likely to mislead me, and very properly determined to begin with the Evangelists. Lieut. Dasher, of whom honourable mention has been made in this work, was companion of my studies. In Matthew and Mark we met with some passages, which, not according exactly, were stumbling-blocks to our weak reason; but by our faith and piety we reconciled these little differences in the best way we were able. I read on, and towards the conclusion of Luke, found that this Evangelist counted two young men

men dressed in white, in the holy sepulchre, though St. Mark had said there was only one, I paused and laid down the book, which was immediately shut by Lieut. Dasher, who desired me to read no farther ; for, said he, if you proceed we shall have a dozen of these *buckram angels*. I rebuked him duly for the indecency of the expression, but resolved to have recourse to the learned commentators of different sects, for the explanation of the obscurities of the text. Ah ! well-a-day ! how was I surprised to find the same words of the Gospel adduced by grave Roman Catholic priests, to prove that all protestants would be broiled everlastingly, and brought forward by grave Protestant divines, to prove that the Roman Catholics would be roasted in eternal fire. I then turned my attention



tention to the sciences, and studied Newton, with whose account of the motion of the heavenly bodies I was perfectly well satisfied, and considered what he taught, not as a system, but as demonstrated truths, which were no longer held in doubt by any one. But alas! I was advised by a friend to read the first of all French philosophers, whose name is Jaques Henri Bernardin de St. Pierre, and who assured me that the system of Newton was no better founded than that of Descartes. What! the earth revolve round the sun! cries Jaques Henri Bernardin de St. Pierre. He swears by his gods it is vastly odd—he can never believe it. How is it possible, says he, that the fixed stars, which are no bigger than pins heads, as we see them in the summer, should be  
still

still in sight in the winter, when, according to Newton, we are 160 millions of miles farther from them? Bidding adieu to astronomy, which I considered as a science above the reach of human intelligence, I turned to that part of Newton which treats of light and heat; but, mercy on me! Jaques Henri Bernardin de St. Pierre came across my way again. I had been firmly convinced, by Newton's experiments, that light and heat were reflected from white bodies, and absorbed by others in proportion to the intenseness of the tint; till the learned Frenchman proved to me that Providence had made the birds white in cold countries, that they might derive greater warmth from the oblique rays of the sun, and of dark colours within the tropics, that they might be less  
exposed

exposed to the action of vertical heat. Surely, said I, in things which we may behold with undazzled eyes, and which may be questioned by the touch, the truth must be more perspicuous. In this persuasion, I directed my attention to natural history, and was highly pleased with Doctor Mead's account of the action of poisons: nothing appeared to me more evidently proved than the coagulation of the blood, by an acid salt in the venom of the viper; when, woe is me! the work of the Abbé Fontana falling into my hands, I there found a clear demonstration that Mead did not know what he was saying.—I heartily cursed all system makers; but at least, said I, in matters of fact that have had thousands for witnesses, there can be no danger of deception; and so I began



gan to read history. Every Englishman must be sensible, that being a descendant of Englishmen, my face glowed, and my pulse beat high when I perused the high deeds of arms of our sturdy forefathers. The Black Prince was not prouder of the battle of Cressy than I was. Every time I thought of the valorous actions of our ancestors there, I couched my oaken sapling, and should have done so to this day, if my curst fortune had not made me acquainted with a Flemish historian, in whom I found a long detail of the victory obtained by the Flanderkins over the French at Cressy in 1346, at which the author observes, as a trifling circumstance, that the King of England and some troops of his nation were present. Disappointed every where in my search of truth, I  
deter-

determined to give it up, and have since read nothing but novels. As in works of this kind, I expect only fiction, whenever I meet with a just observation, or a character drawn after nature, I consider it as clear gain. I advise my reader to follow my example, and assure him, that in that part of the adventures of Jonathan Corncob he has already perused, as well as in the sequel I may hereafter offer to the public, there is more truth, than is sometimes to be found in books with more promising titles.

F I N I S.